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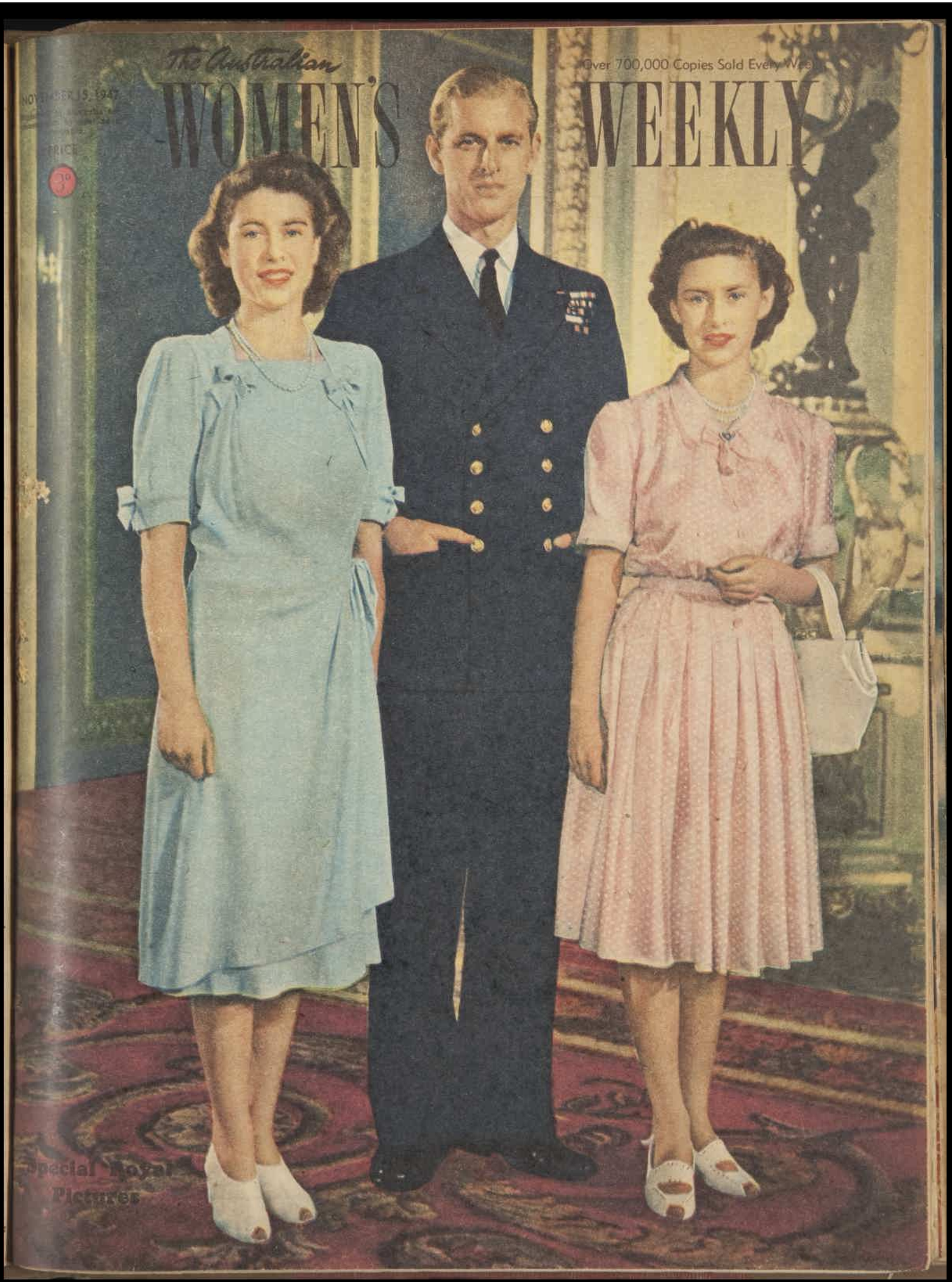

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I DIDN'T WANT TO LOVE YOU

12 NOV 1947

"Kiss me, Louise," they heard Gaston say, as they entered the kitchen.

By . . .

PHYLLIS DUGANNE

GASTON brought in a tray with a small brown china pot of French coffee and two cups, and set it on the low table between the couch and the fireplace. Gwen Darcy, seated at one end of the couch, said, "Gaston, it was a superb dinner, as always."

Larry Burnham's back was turned as he selected a bottle of green chartreuse from the gumwood cabinet, and he did not bother to hide his grin. Gwen's ease at dining in a bachelor apartment was so patently the ease of an untroubled conscience, an irreproachable deportment.

Amusement lingered in his grey eyes when he offered her the liqueur and sat down beside her.

"It's too perfect," she declared. "Do you realise how lucky you are, Larry?"

"Of course I do," he retorted.

It was because he realised how lucky he was that he had no intention of marrying Gwen or anyone else. His spacious, beautifully furnished flat contained everything he needed for his comfort and enjoyment, including Gaston.

Gwen sighed. "Sometimes I wish something would shake you out of your complacency, Larry Burnham!"

He smiled at her. "How unkind."

Her small hand came out quickly and patted his hand. "I don't really, Larry. Perhaps I'm just envious."

Her eyes were wistful, and Larry was torn between sympathy and irritation. He was deeply fond of Gwen, but he wished that she did not want to marry him. There was no place for a woman in his pleasant life.

"My mother and sister are coming next week. I thought I'd have a party for them," he said, deliberately diverting her from contemplation of his own estate to her second-best interest, which was managing something for somebody.

It worked. Her face brightened and her eyes lost their look of dreamy sadness. "A big party, Larry?"

"A buffet supper, I thought."

They discussed food and guests for an hour.

"Do you think Gaston can manage?" he asked.

Gwen snapped her fingers excitedly. "I have it! I'll telephone Julia King and see if I can borrow her Louise for the evening."

"Who," inquired Larry, "are Julia King and her Louise?"

Gwen opened her blue eyes very wide. "Don't you know Julia? I thought everybody knew her."

"I believe I've heard the name," Larry murmured. "Who is she?"

"Oh—a girl," said Gwen.

"I gathered that." He grinned, because he further gathered that she was an attractive girl. Gwen did not encourage competition. "What kind of girl? Kindly state year, model, and engine number."

"She's not your type at all," Gwen told him decisively. "Too efficient, and —oh, managing. She's an investment counsellor, or whatever you call it in a bank. But she does give divine parties."

"Assisted by her Louise?" he suggested.

"Louise," Gwen retorted, with a touch of asperity, "is a Breton, and I think she's a better cook than Gaston."

"Those," said Larry, "are fighting words, Miss Darcy."

"Well, her vichyssoise is better," Gwen said defiantly.

Larry laughed. "Why don't you telephone Miss King now and give me a chance to see for myself?"

He listened amusedly to Gwen's end of the conversation.

"Julia! It's such ages since I've seen you! When can you have lunch with me?" Ultimately she reached her objective. "Would you be an angel and lend Louise to a dear friend of mine for a party? He's in advertising—Larry Burnham. His mother and sister . . ." There were several minutes of that.

"You didn't tell her the color of my eyes," Larry remarked, when she finally hung up the receiver.

"Idiot!" said Gwen, flushed with triumph. "Larry, you can have Louise! I hope she and Gaston don't squabble. You know how French people are."

"Fond of dancing and light wines, I always thought," he said.

"I mean they might have professional jealousy," she explained.

Louise and Gaston did not squabble, and their professional relationship quickly resolved into one of mutual respect and admiration.

THE supper was a complete success. Louise's vichyssoise was better than Gaston's, but Gaston outdid himself on his galantine. It was past midnight when the two chefs finished the dishes and a bottle of red wine together, and Gaston escorted Louise to her home.

Larry might have forgotten about Louise, but Gaston's new-found volubility embraced even his employer, and much of his conversation concerned Mlle Primel. She was, it seemed, a girl of good character and warm heart. Several times Larry came home from his office to find her perched on a stool in the kitchenette, shelling peas or mixing dough for pastry.

It became an established custom for her to help Gaston on the evenings when Miss King dined out, and Larry's dinner parties approached perfection.

"Do you ever return the compliment and help Louise?" Larry inquired.

"But certainly, m'sieur," Gaston replied. "Naturally."

"What's Miss King like?" Larry asked idly.

Gaston's eyes flashed. Miss King was tres chic, bien elevee, he stated, but like yourself, m'sieur, not of a domestic nature.

"No?" prompted Larry.

Definitely no. Miss King was of a helplessness, of an impracticality like a little child.

Larry's eyebrows lifted. "Helpless?" he repeated. "She's supposed to be an extremely efficient business woman."

Gaston shrugged. At her office Miss King might be one thing, but in the home she was another.

Figure to yourself, he continued. On the past Sunday, Louise arrived at the apartment to find something boiling on the stove. It appeared to be soapy water, and she strained it, to find — Gaston's fingers measured a careful inch and a half —a pair of white kid gloves, shrunk to a smallness which would fit only a little doll. Imagine, m'sieur, said Gaston, a grown woman to perform such a feat.

Larry laughed; then felt guilty. The image of the diminutive gloves amused Larry, but the gulf between Gwen's description of an efficient, managing female and Gaston's story puzzled him. He took Gwen to lunch, only half admitting to himself that the invitation was prompted by curiosity about Julia King.

To his delight, Gwen brought her into their conversation.

"Julia King is furious at you," she said.

"At me?" said Larry.

Gwen nodded. "Her Louise is in love with your Gaston!"

"Doesn't Miss King approve of Gaston?"

"She doesn't approve of losing Louise," answered Gwen. "In fact, I don't think Julia approves of love."

"What a pity," said Larry. "What's wrong with Miss King and love? Somebody disillusion her?"

"No," Gwen said. "She's just not the marrying type."

Larry grinned. "You know, I'm getting interested in Miss King. I want to meet her."

"You really wouldn't like her, Larry," Gwen assured him.

He would like, Larry thought, to decide for himself whether he would like Miss King.

He was working at home one evening when a pleasant voice over his telephone informed him, with stark simplicity, "This is Julia King, Mr. Burnham."

"Well, well, well!" said Larry. "At long last!"

The voice was pleasant, but definitely cool. "I've called to ask a favor. My Louise has sprained her wrist, and I'm having some people in on Friday. Would it be convenient for you to let me borrow your Gaston for that evening?"

"We-e-ell," Larry prolonged the syllable. "I suppose I could eat out."

"Thank you," said Miss King.

"Though restaurant food always upsets me," he added. "A delicate digestion, you know."

Miss King was silent.

"Friday, you say?" Larry asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"A small, select dinner?"

"Not very small," said Miss King.

"A large party," Larry mused. "Evenly balanced, male and female," he murmured.

"That's right," said Miss King.

"The bell which you undoubtedly hear tolling is the death knell of the extra man," he informed her.

He was not sure whether the ghostly sound over the wire was a stifled laugh or not. "You're very kind, Mr. Burnham," she said.

"Kindness," said Larry, "is a prime virtue, in man or woman."

Miss King laughed. "You wouldn't care to come to my party, would you, Mr. Burnham?"

"I would be delighted, Miss King," said Larry.

When Larry rang Julia King's doorbell on Friday, Louise opened the door with a demure good evening and a bright glint in her eyes. The room was already filled with people. A tall slender girl held out her hand to him.

"Mr. Burnham, I presume?"

Larry stared.

"You know some of these people, I believe," said Julia King. "D'you want to be introduced to the others, or make your own friends? I'm told that you have an inimitable flair for getting acquainted with strangers." Her mouth curved in a lovely, if cryptic smile.

Please turn to page 4

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I Didn't Want to Love You

Continued from page 3

GASTON might have given him more warning, Larry thought. Gaston might have told him that Julia King was the loveliest woman he had ever seen in his life.

"I hope you'll find your cocktail all right, Mr. Burnham," she was saying with a pretty anxiety. "Gaston tells me that you're very particular about mixed drinks."

Larry managed a sound, blurred and inarticulate.

Julia lowered her voice. "I do hope your digestion is better. I planned a simple dinner."

Larry looked into her deceptively soft eyes. This is me, he told himself. This is me being reduced by a girl to the status of a worm.

He gained strength from several cocktails and the perfect blending of Louise's and Gaston's cooking. He sipped a whisky and soda dreamily, resolved to outstay everyone.

Eventually he achieved this, principally because, at a late hour, Julia suddenly whisked him to the kitchen door to observe Gaston and Louise kissing, oblivious of their employers' presence. Her face was stormy as they returned to the living-room.

"Why the concern?" Larry asked calmly. "I have often observed that identical phenomenon in my own kitchen."

"It's got to stop," she declared.

"Why?" asked Larry.

"Why?" she echoed. "I don't want to lose Louise!"

"What a selfish attitude," he commented.

"It isn't all selfishness," she defended herself. "Louise was perfectly contented until she met Gaston. Now I suppose she'll marry him and have a flock of children."

"Hm," said Larry, thoughtfully.

"Marriage is all very well for a man," said Julia King. "But a woman—a young woman, anyway—is a fool to give up her own life."

Larry's mouth opened and shut. The sentiment had a familiar ring, yet something was wrong.

Her dark lashes curled deliciously upward. "I suppose I am selfish," she admitted. "Louise is so perfect, and I'm so hopeless in a kitchen. I can only just about boil an egg."

Larry's eyes glinted. "I understand that you stew a delicious glove," he murmured.

Color swept up over her cheeks. "Who told you that?" she demanded. He grinned, and she added, "Really, Mr. Burnham, I think you could do better than to gossip about me with Louise and Gaston!"

To his surprise and consternation, Larry Burnham flushed.

"Since you have these little fireside chats with Gaston," she told him coldly, "I'd appreciate if you'd try to persuade him to leave Louise alone."

"I'll try," he promised, humbly. "Thank you so much for asking me to-night, Miss King."

. . . . . .

For the first time in his life, Larry suffered because of a woman.

Why couldn't he have waited to be properly introduced, to start off with dignity? To start? To start what? he asked himself hollowly, and deep in the chill of his bones he was afraid, because he knew the answer. Not me! he thought. Not me!

The next day he hurried home from the office to face Gaston.

"Gaston, Miss King is worried about your attentions to Louise," he began sternly.

Gaston's smile was beatific. Miss King need have no fear. His feelings toward Louise were of a respect, a tenderness, a delicacy, and a permanence which no man had ever surpassed. "I love her, m'sieur," he said, as though the words had never before been spoken.

Larry felt a sudden chill. "But, Gaston—"

"M'sieur Burnham," said Gaston, "for Louise I would die. I would walk through fire. I would fight wild beasts with my bare hands. I—"

"Hey!" said Larry. "Wait a minute, Gaston."

"M'sieur Burnham," Gaston told him kindly, "true love is a gift from heaven. Some day, perhaps, you will know. For your sake, m'sieur, I hope so."

After dinner Larry telephoned Julia.

"Oh, hello!" she said. "Your flowers are beautiful, Mr. Burnham."

"I've talked with Gaston," said Larry. "I don't really know— Look, couldn't you have lunch with me tomorrow? Maybe we could— What I mean is, we have to handle this intelligently."

. . . . . .

At lunch the next day, Julia wore a green tweed suit, and a twist of green straw on her fair hair.

"I've had a talk with Louise," she told him, her lovely eyes troubled and shadowed. "The poor girl is simply infatuated!"

"I know," said Larry. "Gaston is, too."

"At least," said Julia, "we may be able to persuade them not to rush into things. They should know each other better. They should let their feelings stand the test of time."

"That's very sound," said Larry. "By the way, you don't happen to be free to-night, do you? A man in my office gave me a couple of tickets for a show and—well, I just wondered."

"Louise was making an aspic, and I'd rather planned—" Julia glanced at a small wrist-watch. "I suppose I could phone her."

"Perhaps," suggested Larry, "if we deliberately throw them together the thing will—er—burn itself out."

Julia King shot him a swift, strange look. "You could be right," she conceded.

They enjoyed the evening together. Larry took Julia home in a taxi, and rode back to his own home, unaware that a vacuous smile hovered about his lips for the entire twenty blocks.

The next morning as he was walking briskly to his office, he saw in a shop window a lacquer bowl which reminded him so instantly of Julia King that he bought it and had it sent to her, with a card reading: "On the off-chance of its being your birthday."

She telephoned that evening. "It's beautiful, Mr. Burnham! You must be psychic, because you're only two days wrong. My birthday's on Saturday."

. . . . . .

After that Larry really worked hard to find a worthy and suitable present for Julia. He finally decided upon a fluted pewter salad bowl, with a dozen matching plates. She telephoned on Saturday afternoon.

"Larry Burnham, I am overwhelmed, embarrassed—and delighted. Really, I'm terribly upset at having told you it was my birthday."

He made a clucking noise.

Please turn to page 15

ALFRED

"You're being very unreasonable, Alfred. It's not MY fault if the cards say I'm going to meet a tall, handsome man."

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THE BLAST

By STUART CLOETE

Continuing our remarkable imaginative serial

"THE BLAST" is a remarkable piece of imaginative fiction in which the survivor of a world-wide atomic bomb attack is telling the story of his struggle for existence amid the ruins of New York, where he and his wife MILDRED had their apartment home.

Formerly an author, he is stimulated to write the story in the year 1967, when, to his intense amazement, after imagining himself for twenty years to be the sole survivor of the attack, he sees two girls.

He is now telling of the reactions and experiences of Mildred and himself just after the attack took place early one morning in October, 1947.

Now read on:

WE had a second cup of tea; I was surprised how very calm I seemed; my hand hardly trembled. That amused me, not because it showed my lack of fear, but because it showed my ability to control most of it.

Probably the only people who were not frightened at that moment were lunatics, to whom this must all have seemed very logical and predestined. Perhaps that is why I was not more frightened, having been classified, because I had expected something of this kind to happen, as a lunatic.

I was, in a way, psychologically prepared for the end of the world, but there was little satisfaction in being able to say, "I told you so," and, at the moment, no one to whom I could say it except my wife, who always believed everything I said and thought me an altogether remarkable man, thus tempering the value of her criticism with the balmy breeze of her charm.

I went into the bedroom to try the telephone. The room was very smoky, but not so bad as it might have been, for the wind had changed again. I did not know whom I was going to call. It was just that I wanted to see if the telephone worked. I had always hated the telephone—the network of copper threads that tied all civilised mankind together in a web of misunderstanding.

If there had been no telephones and no aeroplanes and no electricity, there would have been no atomic bomb.

I held the receiver to my ear. It was dead. No phone.

That, after all, was not surprising after the failure of the electric light. But as the discovery of the telephone had been hailed as a great advance of our civilisation, its end—for there was no doubt in my mind that it had ended—was a definite sign that our civilisation was disintegrating. We were cut off from the world.

I went to look in the kitchen to see what we had to eat. There was quite a lot of stuff; cans of baked beans, boned chicken, soups, glass jars of tongue.

There were other factors that were to the good. Once the first shock had worn off, I began to consider the possibilities of life as well as I was able—began to look and see if there was anything to reconstruct with.

As I say, there was a fair amount of canned food in the kitchen and there were, in addition, about ten large parcels of food that we had wrapped and were going to send to friends in England and France.

It was remarkable how distant England and France seemed and how little our dearest friends now mattered. I was grateful to them for my own good impulse that had made me buy food, and delighted with the habit of procrastination which had prevented my sending it to them.

Another good thing, though I did not realise it fully at the time, was that I had a thousand rounds of .22 ammunition for the Mauser, because we had been intending to go on a holiday, and I had meant to do some target shooting. I must have thought of this, though subconsciously, because of my next move.

This was to go and see the manager of the hotel, a great deer hunter, who lived in the adjoining penthouse, and ask him if he would let me have one of his heavier rifles and some ammunition.

So already I was aware that there would be a necessity for weapons, that civilisation in terms of protection had broken down, and that it must be every man for himself, or men banded together for themselves as units, or tribes, against other men similarly banded.

I obtained a rifle and fifty rou[illegible] of .303 ammunition without m[illegible] difficulty—the manager had [illegible] guns than he could use—in [illegible] change for a case of whisky t[illegible] had just bought. We talked a[illegible] the subject of the bomb an[illegible] predicament, more or less ig[illegible] it, which was fantastic, since the air was filled with smoke.

Like me, he must have had the feeling that this was the end of everything. Actually, of course, there was nothing to say. And to talk would probably only have torn the last shreds of self-control from our naked fear.

We got no further than saying it was terrible, that neither of us had been out, that we had better be careful, and that it would probably be all right. We parted with expressions of mutual aid, and a handshake—though our doors were not more than six feet apart.

My wife fixed some food. We had meat in the icebox, which by this time had stopped working; we had potatoes and soup.

Surprisingly, the gas was still on; our supply had evidently been unaffected. And we had water; it was still running, probably from the reserve tank on the roof above us, and we did not have to use the reserve in the bath.

We gave the kinkajou the dead fish from the tank and a banana, the last, and a bit of bread, and the dog, Annie, had our leavings.

The day passed somehow. I forget how.

Night came—a night like those of the blackouts of the war but without air-raid wardens or police. The streets were dark and lighted only by the light reflected down from the low ceiling of cloud and smoke which was illuminated by those parts of the city that were still burning.

It was a night filled with strange happenings—screams, cries, shouts, shots, the noise of doors being forced; a night of black horror edged by the glare of the buildings that were still burning. There was still the sound of sirens as fire engines and police tried to keep some semblance of order, but it was all sporadic.

There was no sleep for us, but we lay down with the dog between us and tried to rest. I had the deer rifle loaded [illegible] me, and [illegible] had a [illegible] in [illegible] [illegible] we must have dozed off, for at dawn we were wakened by a sound truck.

Please turn to page 23

Gang warfare was raging in the street as the sediment of the underworld took control.

Always look for the name MORLEY on Underwear...

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ELIZABETH and PHILIP

● *A happy picture of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and her fiance, Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, taken during their last visit to Edinburgh. They are leaving the Argyle Club with kilted escort from a Highland regiment.*

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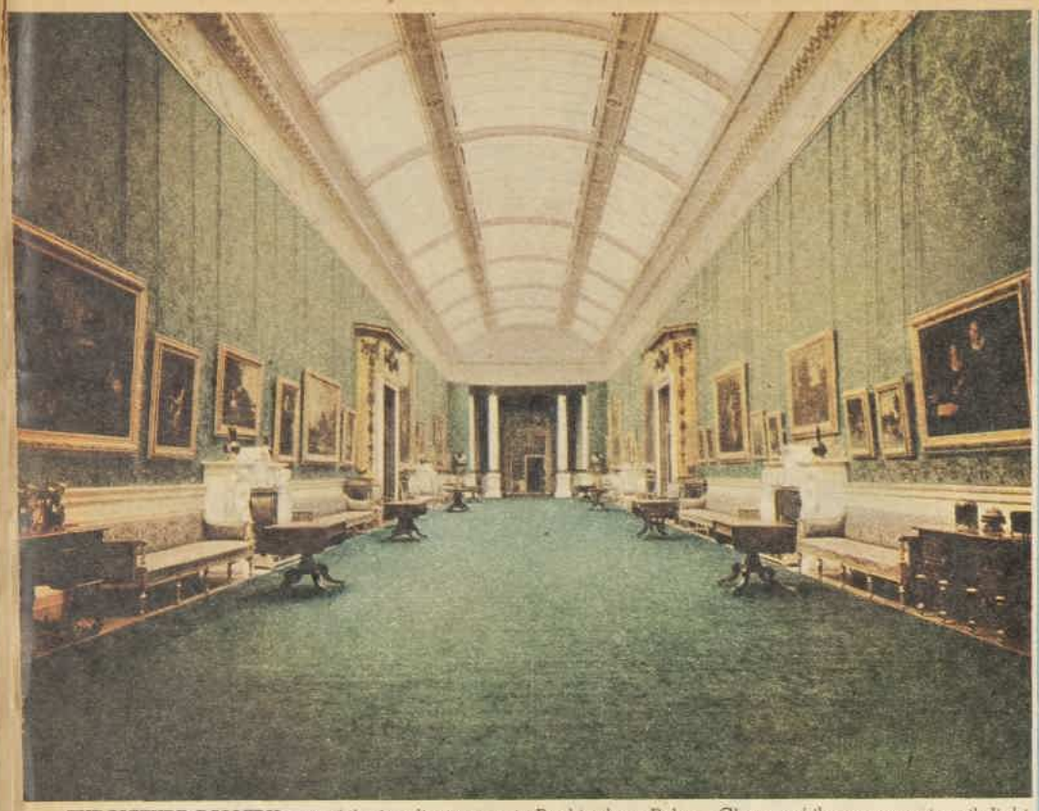


THE PICTURE GALLERY, one of the loveliest rooms in Buckingham Palace. Glass roof throws correct north light on Gainsboroughs, Rembrandts, Vandykes and Peter Lelys which are hung against brocade-covered walls in a neutral stone color. The carpet is navy blue, and the long settees are upholstered in cream brocade.

ROYAL WEDDING

BUCKINGHAM Palace, the Empire's No. 1 home, will be the focus of world interest next week when the wedding reception is held there for the elder daughter of the house —Princess Elizabeth.

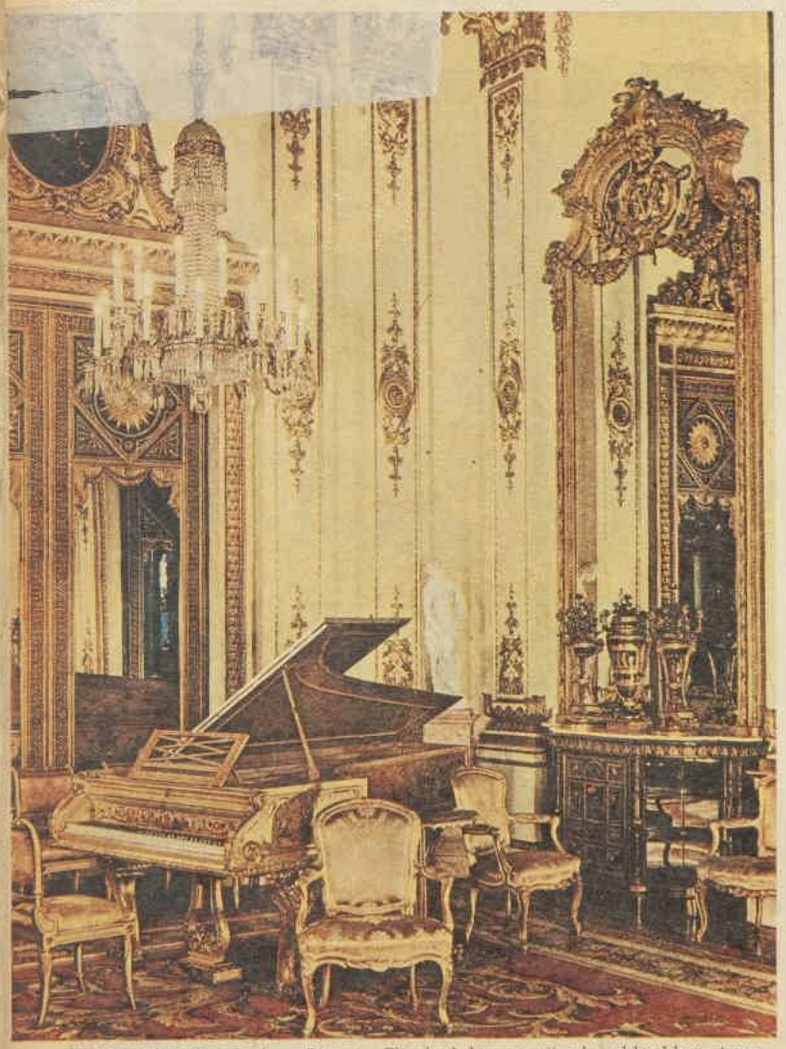
It became the monarch's London residence 120 years ago when Buckingham House was remodelled, and can be roughly divided into four sections—the State Apartments, the semi-State Apartments, the Household Apartments, and the Private Apartments.

Its furnishings and art treasures are estimated to be worth at least £4,000,000.

For the first time since long before the war many of the State rooms were redecorated while the Royal Family were in South Africa.

It was thought that the magnificent red-and-gold Throne Room, more than 60 feet long, where debutantes are usually presented, would be too formal for an austerity wedding.

The reception is expected to be held in the lovely Bow Room, which faces the Grand Entrance. Its bay windows open on to the Garden Terrace.



THE MUSIC ROOM where Princess Elizabeth has practised and had her piano lessons ever since she was a little girl. The room is richly decorated, with much gilding on pillars and mirrors, beautiful chandeliers, statuary, and gilt furniture.

THE BLUE DRAWING ROOM. From its cream, blue, and gold ceiling hang, on thick, blue silk cords, lovely chandeliers. Cream and gold pillars break the cream brocade walls at intervals. The carpet is one of the finest in the Palace.

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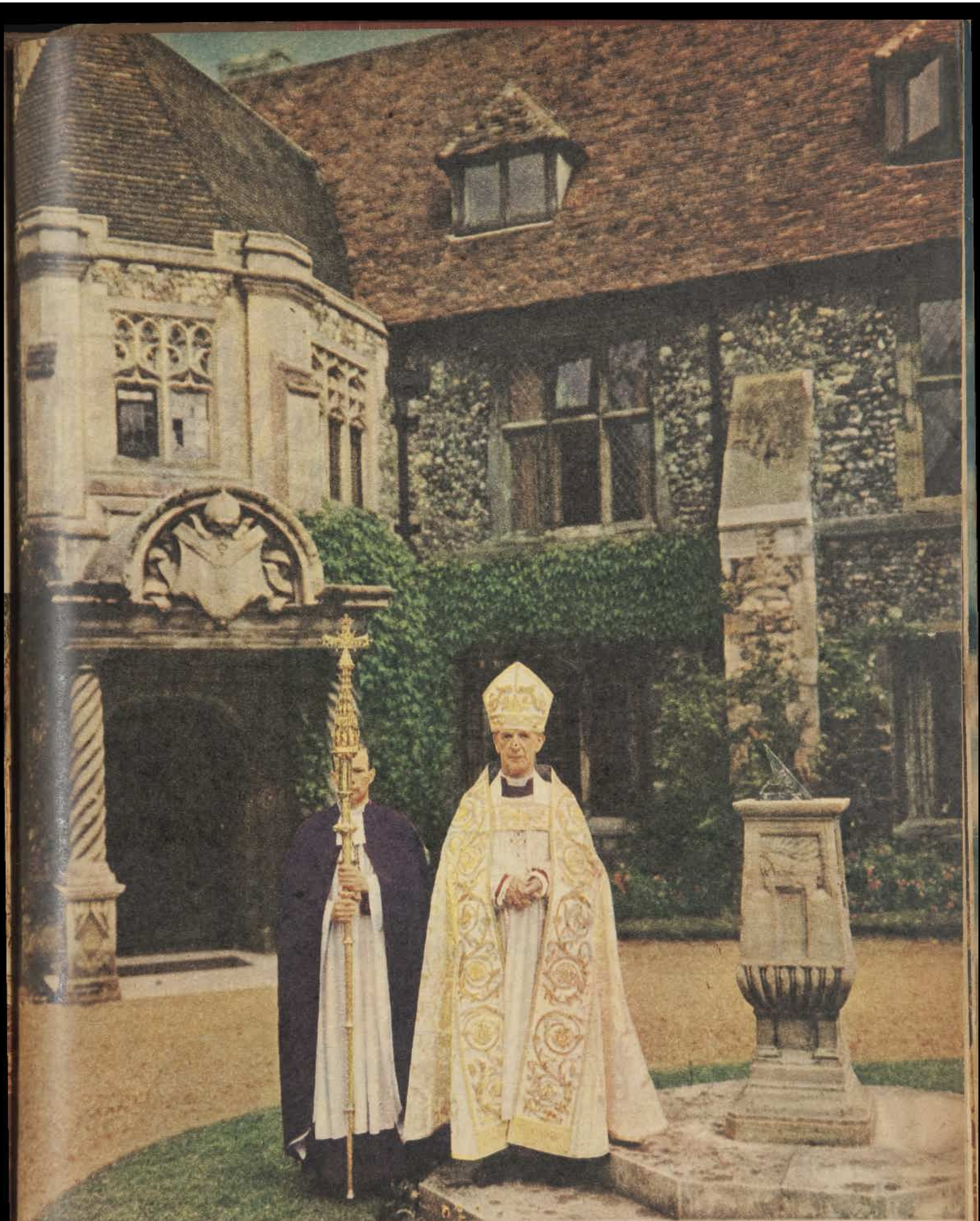

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the Right Rev. Dr Geoffrey Francis Fisher, who will officiate at Princess Elizabeth's marriage to Lieut. Philip Mountbatten, photographed in the quadrangle outside the Chapter House at Canterbury Cathedral, with his Chaplain, who is carrying the Primatial Staff. The Archbishop is wearing the cope and mitre of his high office. He will be assisted by the Archbishop of York, the Dean of Westminster, and the Precentor.

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Smart clothes and Chocolate must have quality and SNAP

Miss Jocelyn Rickards

— Brilliant young Australian Artist says —

"Smart clothes and chocolate must have quality and SNAP"

The opening day of a Jocelyn Rickards exhibition is always an important social occasion. The dark beauty and elegance of this young Australian attracts almost as much attention as her art. Miss Rickards is doubly clever because she designs her own clothes. In this drawing which, by the way, is her own self-portrait, she wears a cart-wheel straw massed with handmade Summer flowers. This very smart young lady says, *"When I am working on a picture I never think about stopping for lunch but there's always some Small's Club Chocolate in the pocket of my smock. That's plenty to keep me going for hours. I find myself listening for the snap whenever I break off a piece of Small's. I'm quite convinced that the louder the snap the better the chocolate. Small's Club Chocolate always breaks with such a definite snap. Of course, it's not so sweet and that's the very way I like it."*

Everybody's 'snapping' it now!

The yachtman's snapping it! The farmer's snapping it! All of us men are snapping that big block of Small's Club Chocolate. Small's Club Chocolate is "NOT SO SWEET" — made especially for men. And remember this — the better the quality of the Chocolate the louder the "SNAP". And Small's Club Chocolate breaks with a good loud "SNAP" every time.

Small's make great Chocolate

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ENCHANTED

"Just tell me one thing," Steve said. "Are you in love with Basil?"

Appealing Youthful Romance

By GRACE MASON

STEVE DUNCAN slowed his car and drove thoughtfully past the Hammonds' place. It was late afternoon. The tennis court was empty, no laughter or music sounded from the house, no doors slammed, the long garden chairs looked forlorn and forgotten. Dawn was not at home.

Steve let out his breath in a long sigh. Dawn was never at home these days. Or, if she was at home, she was not alone. The fellow next door was always with her. Steve's face grew dark.

Once he had been the fellow next door, but this summer, owing to financial difficulties, his father had let their house. Let it to a woman who had a nephew.

And what a nephew! Steve's face wrinkled with distaste.

At the end of the street he turned around. For after all, he had driven up here to have a straight talk with Dawn.

What he meant to say was: Dawn, you are a good kid, but inexperienced. You don't know the first thing about life. It gives me a pain to see you falling for a mere showman—"

But when he reached this point in his rehearsal he shook his head.

Dawn was high-spirited. Nothing made her more angry than to tell her she was a kid.

It seemed almost like an answer to prayer, when at the end of the block he saw Dawn's father homeward bound from the 5.58. And Mr. Hammond seemed glad to see him. He invited him to get out and come in.

"Thanks, sir, but I'm afraid I can't manage it to-night. How—how are you all, Mr. Hammond?"

"Us? Oh, we're all fine. Of course, Dawn is a bit—uh—out of hand. I take it you haven't seen her lately."

"No, I haven't, Mr. Hammond. Not lately."

Mr. Hammond put one foot on the running-board and peered at Steve rather sharply.

"Well, why haven't you?" he demanded. "Not scared off, are you, by anything?"

Steve's laugh was forced. "Me? Oh, no. No, sir, not a bit. Uh—what do you mean Mr. Hammond?"

Dawn's father motioned him towards a garden seat just inside the gate. "I've been wanting to talk to you for quite a long time, Stevie," he said. "Have a cigarette?"

After a moment he sighed.

"Dawn," he went on. "I can't make her out. Always thought that when Dawn was ready to get married she would pick out some good, successful young fellow. Somebody I could understand and have a reasonable conversation with, and all that. But you can't tell about girls. I've got three of 'em. Take Julie, she certainly put her mother and me over the jumps when she fell in love, but I never expected to go through that again with Dawn."

Steve could keep silent no longer.

"Mr. Hammond," he gasped, "you don't mean that Dawn—that she's thinking of marrying Basil Orteo?"

"I don't know, Steve." Mr. Hammond frowned worriedly. "I don't say Dawn's in love with this Basil fellow; maybe it's just a passing fancy. But it isn't like her. By George, this last month has undermined me. She sits and stares into space. She actually languishes. And then the way she talks. She's got a sort of foreign accent now.

"Steve, if you ever have children, see that they aren't girls. First they're so sweet, and then they grow up and you don't know them any more."

For a moment there was silence. Finally, Mr. Hammond roused himself.

"I don't know what it is," he cried. "But the fellow just sets my teeth on edge. He's so darned handsome. When I look out of the window there, and see him day after day, lolling in my favorite garden chair, with Dawn looking at him as if he was something good to eat, and when I see her driving him about—in my car, mind you!—I feel a little ill. Why should I feel like that? His manners are perfect, his clothes are all right, he never fails to call me 'Sir,' and gets up when I come into the room—— Why don't I like him? Why?"

Steve said nothing. It wasn't fair to run down a rival.

"I thought you liked Dawn," Mr. Hammond said reproachfully. "Are you just going to sit down and see her make a fool of herself?"

Steve's face began to burn. "But what can I do, Mr. Hammond?"

"Well, you might come and see us a bit more. You used to drop in on us every day. You know we all think a lot of you, Steve."

"Thanks, sir, but—Dawn doesn't want me to come. She doesn't want to see anyone but Basil Orteo, and if——"

He broke off. A car had stopped in front of the gate. The door was opened and a striking figure in beautiful tweeds slid out with languid grace.

Basil Orteo was like one of the younger Greek gods. He changed the Hammond family car to a chariot merely by leaning in at the window. And when he lifted Dawn's hand to his lips, there was no doubt about it, she stopped being Dawn Hammond.

The other two men averted their eyes. Each in his own way was suffering. Steve got to his feet.

"Well, it's been nice seeing you, Mr. Hammond," he said between stiff lips. "Got to go now."

"Now wait a minute, Steve," pleaded Mr. Hammond. "Look, won't you have a talk with Dawn? Basil's gone home. She's taking the car round to the garage. She'll be back in a minute. Tell her what you think—you know, eh?"

Steve started to decline this task, but when he looked at Dawn as she came slowly around the corner of the house his heart turned over. But when he spoke to her she looked up as if wakened from a bewildered dream.

"Oh, Steve!" she said, and then too gravely: "Old Droopy Socks! How too wonderful to see you again."

"Huh?" muttered Steve. Her father had been right about the slight foreign accent and the change in her.

Something of his amazement must have been in his eyes, for Dawn colored slightly, laughed a little, and then sat down on the seat. Mr. Hammond had disappeared into the house.

"Where on earth have you been, Droopy?" she inquired. "One never sees you these days."

"One never tries, does one?"

"Oh, all right, if you're going to go on like that!"

"It's true, isn't it? I can't barge in here, when you're always running around with that big—"

He caught himself back in dismay. He had not meant to start in on Dawn in this heated way. But Dawn had already taken up the challenge. She lifted her round chin and looked at him coldly.

"Yes?" she murmured, lifting her eyebrows. "You were going to call somebody something?"

"Oh, Dawn, don't go on like that! What's the matter with you, anyway? You're not yourself any more. Is it a game, or what?"

She examined her finger-nails with care. "I don't know what you mean, I'm sho'r," she murmured.

"Well, that," he cried. "The way you talk, like someone you heard on the stage or something. It's funny if you want to know."

This was the wrong approach. Dawn instantly flared up. But at any rate she looked at him, now more like her old self, with flashing eyes.

"That's just like you, Steve. It's just like all these people around here. So—so suburban, so satisfied with themselves. Just because I want to be different, because I want to have a bigger outlook, and not just keep on all my life being a—a cabbage in a smug suburb, you ask me if it's a game! My goodness!"

"That's all right, but do you need to behave like this—I mean, why can't you be yourself? You don't think your father and mother are cabbages, do you?"

"No, of course not. But when you come to think of it, would you say Mother and Daddy are really aware?"

"Aware of what?" he demanded.

She waved one hand airily. "Just aware," she said. "Of deeper currents. Of the wave of what is to come."

"Well, my golly, are you?"

For an instant exasperation struggled to drive the beautiful calm from her face. Then she said coldly: "Rahlly, you are very crude."

He threw his head back and laughed. "Your father was right. You've gone a little dotty."

"Has my father been talking to you about me?" she exclaimed. "He had no right to do that. I shall never forgive him. If I can't live my life, and change myself and—and grow different, without having everyone interfering, I shall just go away where I can live a sophisticated life."

"You're talking like a goof," he croaked. "I suppose you hear all that stuff from Basil Orteo. I suppose he sits and tells you you are the first girl he has ever known who is aware. Gr-rr—he makes me sick!"

This was really the ultimate unwisdom. Dawn rose from the seat and made herself very tall. "I always thought you had more intelligence and—and sensitivity, Steve. But I can see I was wrong."

"Listen, Dawn, don't go on like that! Just give me credit for meaning well. Listen, you and I were kids together, weren't we? And we've always been friends, haven't we?"

"We could keep on being friends," she murmured, "if you weren't so—provincial."

"Oh, my gosh," he groaned. But he added quickly. "All right, I admit I'm what you call suburban. But at least you know all there is to know about me. Which is more than you can say for this big—this fellow Basil."

"That's quite enough," she cried, her eyes beginning to flash again. "He's the most interesting man I've ever known."

"But he never does anything," Steve said hotly. "He just sits around. And people feed him, and take him about in their cars."

But Dawn was no longer listening. Whirling on her heel she was walking rapidly away.

Steve sprang after her.

"Just tell me one thing," he said in a strained voice. "Are you in love with Basil?"

"I think I am," she said slowly. "Oh, Steve, don't nag at me. I feel—I feel so—queer."

They stood looking at each other. The long shadows across the lawn stood still, the world stood still, and in each face there was wonder and pain.

"All right," the boy said slowly.

"Thanks," she whispered and walked away from him toward the house.

Dawn hurried to the top of the stairs and called down that she did not want anything to eat, there wasn't time.

Sitting on the edge of her bed she dreamily saw herself at the dance she was going to, and she saw herself coming back to the house again. Basil would be bes'de her. They would be very calm and casual. Mother and Dad would look up from their card game, and then Basil would say to them——

What would he say? That he loved her and wanted to take her away with him?

She blushed. Her throat had closed up tightly, and her heart pounded.

The clock struck seven. With a shriek she dashed at the bathroom door, beseeching Harold to hurry. In the dining-room below, Mrs. Hammond sighed, and started upstairs. Mr. Hammond raised his eyebrows at the twins and they grinned back at him.

Pattering across the hall upstairs Dawn heard the telephone ring, and flew down the stairs. She knew who was telephoning.

A few minutes later she stood in the dining-room door, addressing her father beguilingly. "Daddy, love, could I have the car to-night? Basil's aunt has taken the chauffeur and the big car, and there's something wrong with the other one."

Mr. Hammond demanded coldly: "Why doesn't Basil fix it, then?"

"Don't be absurd, Daddy!"

Please turn to page 29

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FAMILY GROUP of some of the Mountbattens—left to right: Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, Patricia and her mother, Lady Mountbatten, Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven (mother of Crown Princess Louise and Lord Mountbatten), Pamela Mountbatten, Crown Princess Louise, Lord Mountbatten.

THE MOUNTBATTEN FAMILY

Philip's forebears played proud part in Europe's history

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, R.N., belongs to an illustrious and romantic family. Through marriages of his forebears he is related to most of Europe's Royal houses.

Though a Prince of Greece and Denmark, he has spent most of his life in England with his mother's people, the Mountbattens.

A GRANDSON of Prince Louis of Battenberg, who changed his name to Marquess of Milford Haven, and was Britain's First Sea Lord in the 1914-18 War, he has the great traditions of the Royal Navy in his blood.

Mountbatten is the English translation of Battenberg ("berg" being German for mount).

Romance and mystery surround the creation of this title and take us back another generation to the Duchess Wilhelmina and gossip in Court circles of her day.

Wife of the Grand Duke Louis II of Hesse and the Rhine, she presented her husband with two sons, born in 1806 and 1809, and when Philip Mountbatten's great-grandfather was born nearly twenty years later there is said to have been doubt in the old Duke's mind whether or not the son was his.

Rumor said the handsome Duchess had a lover, but the fair-haired baby Alexander and his sister Marie, who followed a year later, were born in wedlock, and rather than risk a public scandal the old Duke accepted the children as his own.

Alexander was given the courtesy title of Prince.

As his position had never really been clarified, Prince Alexander's marriage further complicated this delicate situation.

It was a morganatic marriage, to a commoner, a woman of Polish and French extraction, the Countess Julia Theresa Von Hauke of Poland, and, as was the custom, she was given a title, Princess of Battenberg, so that any children of the marriage would not succeed to the Hesse title, but would take hers.

She was not Royal, and Battenberg was one of the small subsidiary titles of the Hesse family. There were four sons and one daughter of this marriage.

Eldest and best known in England was Prince Louis of Battenberg, who took this title from his mother.

When he grew up there was so little for this young and brilliant Prince in the little Grand Duchy of Battenberg that he came to England, where he interested himself in the Navy, became a naturalised British subject, though he continued to call himself His Serene Highness Prince Louis of Battenberg.

When his second son "Dickie" (our Viscount Mountbatten of Burma) was born, Prince Louis was serving as a captain in the Royal Navy. He had joined when 14 years old.

Just before the 1914-18 War Prince Louis, then First Sea Lord, realised the danger and did everything to prepare for it.

He urged that the Fleet should learn how to mobilise quickly "down to the last coal-scuttle."

The crisis developed with amazing swiftness. The Fleet was about to be demobilised, and the Cabinet was away on week-end holiday. Prince Louis took action to stop demobilisation, so that the Fleet remained on the alert.

Despite this fact, the natural anti-German feeling which swept Britain touched his name, and the Navy was obliged to lose a great leader.

In 1917, King George V requested all his German relatives to drop their titles, and His Serene Highness became the first Marquess of Milford Haven and a peer of the United Kingdom.

To his second son (Lord Louis) he transmitted his good looks, quick brain, capacity for intensive hard work, and brilliant imagination. To all these gifts was added the determination to vindicate his father.

KING PAUL I of Greece (Philip's uncle) and Queen Frederica.

That determination has made Mountbatten the man he is. It could have been fatally easy to remain the clever, playful amateur, who had edited the ship's magazine, managed the ship's cinema, explained the marvels of radio to the lower deck.

But the rugged seriousness within him demanded an outlet.

So the playboy of one decade went to Burma as the fighting chief of another. He took with him a great reputation as a naval commander and a bold Commando-leader.

While Prince Louis was riding on the crest of public affection in England, his brother, the second son of the morganatic marriage of Prince Alexander of Hesse and the Princess of Battenberg, Alexander I, had grown into a very dashing and charming young prince, whom the Bulgarians, after the Russo-Turkish War, invited to become first Prince of Bulgaria.

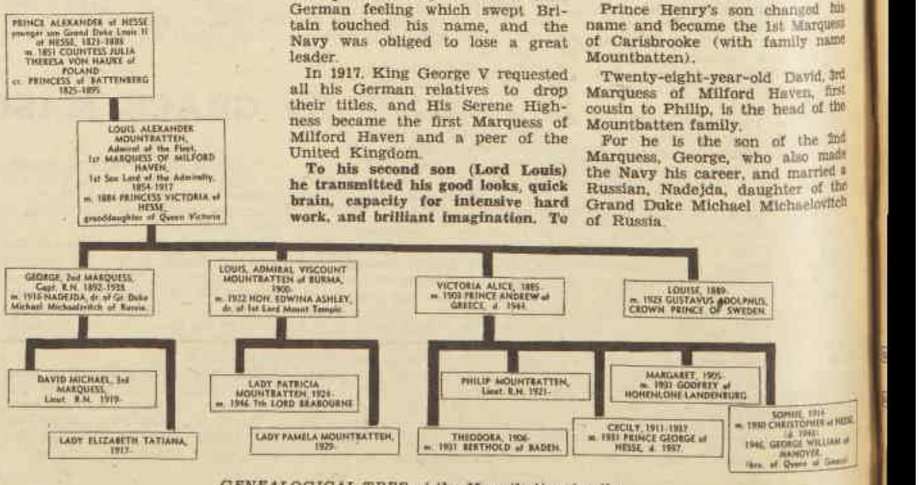
A fine soldier, his successful career was crowded with drama. At one stage he was kidnapped by the Russians.

Third son of the marriage was Prince Henry of Battenberg. He married one of Queen Victoria's daughters, Princess Beatrice.

Prince Henry's son changed his name and became the 1st Marquess of Carisbrooke (with family name Mountbatten).

Twenty-eight-year-old David, 3rd Marquess of Milford Haven, first cousin to Philip, is the head of the Mountbatten family.

For he is the son of the 2nd Marquess, George, who also made the Navy his career, and married a Russian, Nadejda, daughter of the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch of Russia.



GENEALOGICAL TREE of the Mountbatten family.

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PHILIP says good-bye to his uncle, Lord Mountbatten, off to India.

LORD MILFORD HAVEN and his Russian mother, the Marchioness of Milford Haven.

PRINCESS ALICE, Philip's mother.

There were two daughters, as well as two sailor sons, in the family of the famous Admiral of the Fleet in World War I.

The elder of these two daughters, Victoria Alice, married to Prince Andrew of Greece, is the mother of Philip Mountbatten.

The younger sister, Louise, married the Crown Prince of Sweden, whose first wife, the Duke of Connaught's daughter, died.

Almost from the day she married Prince Andrew, younger son of the King of Greece, Princess Alice endured many anxious hours.

She was under house-arrest during the Greek Revolution which followed the 1914-18 War.

As a young bride she lived with her soldier-husband in a small garrison town.

Life was primitive, even for the King's son, and she had to carry water in goat-skins from a neighbouring well, often found fish swimming in her bath.

During the war between Greece and Turkey, Prince Andrew, a General in the Greek Army, was assigned the almost impossible task of rallying the troops round Smyrna.

Though he was not to blame for the disasters that followed, the people turned against him and he was saved from execution only by intervention of the British Navy.

Exiled from Greece, he and his wife lived in Paris and the South of France.

In Paris Princess Alice ran a shop where she sold embroidery, lace, and paintings, the work of Greek emigres.

Prince Andrew wrote his reminiscences, vindicating himself against the charge that he had disobeyed orders and deserted his post.

In 1936 he was reinstated as a General in the Greek Army.

It was during the days of exile that Philip joined the Mountbatten family in London.

The family had decided that the boy was to go to England to be brought up as an Englishman and trained in the British Navy.

Lord Louis was asked to take charge of the boy's upbringing. Young Philip gradually took the place of a son, growing more and more part of the family.

At ten he was sent to the oldest preparatory school in England, Cheam, and when 13 to Gordonstoun, where he first began to exhibit signs of outstanding intelligence and sound judgment.

Later, in May, 1939, he went to Dartmouth, and won the King's Dirk, as the best cadet of the year.

In the early days of the war he served as a midshipman in various cruisers and battleships and was mentioned in dispatches.

He subsequently became second-in-command of the destroyer Wallace, and was present at the landings in Sicily. Despite his youth he was lauded by his commanding officer as the best second-in-command he had ever had.

While her son was serving with the British Navy Princess Alice was in Athens during the German occupation, cut off from her husband in the South of France, where he died shortly after the liberation.

Her four daughters, all older than Philip, had married Germans.

But she had as companion and comforter Princess Nicholas, mother of the Duchess of Kent, her sister-in-law (Prince Andrew and Prince Nicholas were brothers). The two worked diligently for the Swedish and Swiss Red Cross during the war and occupation of Athens.

Both Princesses lost sons-in-law—Princess Nicholas when the Duke of Kent was killed in an air crash, Princess Alice when daughter Sophie's husband, Prince Christopher of Hesse and right-hand man of Himmler, was killed in 1943 in an air crash in Italy. He was on the German Air Staff.

Princess Sophie has married again—to Prince George Wilhelm, of Hanover.

Princess Cecily and her husband, Prince George of Hesse, were killed in an air crash in 1937.

Most tragic English Princess of modern history, the ex-Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain, is a Mountbatten—daughter of Prince Henry of Battenberg (1st Marquess of Carlsbrooke) and Princess Beatrice.

Her marriage to the King of Spain began with tragedy when a bomb was thrown at their carriage on their wedding day.

Later, exiled from Spain with her family to spare the country from revolution, the death of her eldest son, the death of her youngest son in a car accident, then separation from her husband saddened her life.

She went to London hoping to spend the rest of her life quietly in her native land, but war broke out and she had to flee to Switzerland. There were rumors of reconciliation with Alfonso just before his death.

Most in the news recently of the younger members of the Mountbatten family (after, of course, the bridegroom-to-be, Philip) is Lady Iris O'Malley, daughter of the Marquess of Carlsbrooke, who has reverted to her name before marriage, Mountbatten.

In New York, where her photo adorns posters for chewing-gum whose "good taste" she recommends, Lady Iris Mountbatten has chosen a career rather than a life in the bosom of the Mountbatten family.

At 21 Lady Iris married the handsome Irish Guardsman Captain O'Malley-Keyes, and though no publicity has been given to a divorce, the recent announcement in the London "Times" of his marriage to a lady of Irish descent, Miss O'Kelly, took those who saw the discreet notice rather by surprise.

FROM CANUTE TO PHILIP

THE husband-to-be of Princess Elizabeth, although known before he became a British subject as a Prince of Greece, has in fact no Greek blood in his veins, and is really a Dane.

In 1863 the Greeks, tired of their German Prince Otto of Bavaria, deposed him. They chose, as their King, Prince William, son of King Christian IX of Denmark, brother of our Queen Alexandra.

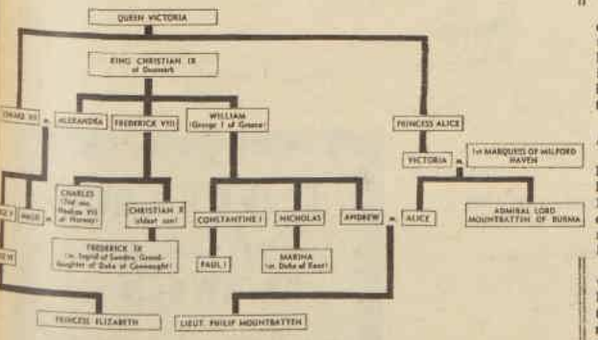
Prince William ascended the Throne of Greece as King George I. He was the grandfather of Philip Mountbatten.

Mountbatten's Danish ancestors can be traced back to the time of King Canute, who, by the episode with the tide, implanted his name more firmly in the annals of our history than many a subsequent King.

It is from Canute's sister Astrid that Philip is descended.

Since those far-off days there have been many British-Danish Royal marriages. From 1405 to 1766 four British Princesses married Danish Princes and two Scottish Kings married Danish Princesses.

Then in 1863 the future Edward VII married Alexandra of Denmark, so that Elizabeth, too, through her great-grandmother, can also trace her descent back to Canute.



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I Didn't Want to Love You

Continued from page 4

JULIA went on: "Louise has made me a cake, and a few people, a very few this time, are having dinner here. Could you come?"

Larry went, with three dozen white roses for Julia. She said, "Oh, Larry!" when she opened the long box.

For some reason the others left rather early. It was almost as though they knew that Julia and Larry wanted to be alone.

"I want to talk to you about money," said Julia firmly. "Anyone can see that you have no more sense about it than a baby. Have you a budget?"

"I thought that was something that women wore," said Larry.

"I'm serious," said Julia. "Do you save anything?"

He grinned. "I've got some war bonds."

"That's good. But do you save systematically? Do you invest any of your savings?"

"Which savings?" he asked.

Her face was grave. "That's what I thought." Abruptly she flushed. "After all, it isn't my business," she said. "I'm sorry."

"I'd certainly appreciate it if you'd make it your business," he assured her. "For a long time I've been thinking that I ought to — you know — get some system in my — financial affairs." Five minutes can be a long time, he reflected. "These budgets, now——"

Julia got pencil and paper. Larry knew his income, but he could not, offhand, remember the amount of his income tax. Julia's lashes fluttered once, and she named the figure which he should be paying.

"Why don't you have dinner at my place?" he suggested. "There are lots of papers with figures on them in my desk."

"If I do, will you really listen and do what I say?" she asked . . .

Louise and Gaston conspired to make an occasion of the fact that their respective employers were dining together.

The champagne cocktails were Gaston's idea; the Grand Marnier souffle was executed by Louise, Gaston lighted the grate in the fireplace and Louise brought in the coffee.

Julia was wearing a long woollen dress embroidered in seed-pearls, and Larry wondered whether his budget could some day be stretched to afford a necklace of real pearls for her graceful throat.

Gaston and Louise said, "Bon soir, m'sieur-dame," and in that instant Larry knew that he had been wrong about marriage. He wanted Julia beside him before an open fire every evening of his life.

"Let's see those papers," she said. "Larry Burnham, haven't you even a file?"

Presently, when her brows drew together, and she thrust out her underlip in sudden disapproval of some fact or figure, it was too much for Larry. He lifted her face and kissed her full on the mouth.

"Larry Burnham!" cried Julia. Her eyes almost smoked as she jumped to her feet.

"You've spoiled everything," she told him angrily. "I think it would be a good idea if we didn't see each other for a while."

"I think it's a rotten idea," said Larry.

He took her home, watching her half-averted profile for the entire twenty blocks. He did not telephone her until noon of the next day.

"I meant what I said last night, Larry," she told him clearly, and hung up.

Gaston gave notice the next day. He was sorry, he was desolate, at leaving monsieur, but he and Louise were going to be married. It so happened that, being each of a frugal nature, they had saved a sufficient sum to open a small restaurant together.

"Well," said Larry, "I can't say I don't understand."

"When will it be convenient for me to depart?" asked Gaston.

Larry smiled at him. "Never, Gaston. But don't let's prolong the agony." He went to his desk and made out a cheque which could have found no proper place in his budget. "Good luck, Gaston."

"And to you, m'sieur," said Gaston, fervently.

Julia wrote Larry a note. He kept it, because apart from a few figures it was the only thing he had in her writing, but it was rather a nasty note. It requested him not to telephone her, send flowers, write, telegraph, despatch messenger boys, or continue to do any of the things which he had been doing.

After a week of thinking about it, Larry began to wonder whether Julia meant it. He had been so sure of his own feelings that until now he had refused to face the possibility that she could be equally certain of hers. He was dismally waiting for his telephone to ring, an occupation which had become routine in his life, when it rang.

It was Gwen.

"Larry, darling, have you become a hermit?" she demanded.

"Yes," he said.

She laughed gaily. "Well, I'm on my way right now to visit your cell!" She hung up before he could protest.

She was electric with excitement when she arrived. "Julia told me about Gaston and Louise getting married and what do you think?"

"What?" asked Larry.

Gwen's curls quivered, and her blue eyes sparkled. "They're going to work for me! Both of them. As a couple!"

"What?" roared Larry, jumping to his feet.

Gwen's eyes opened wide. "You don't mind, do you, darling? That would be simply too dog-in-the-manger!"

"But they're opening a restaurant," said Larry.

"I persuaded them not to. Not for a year or so, anyway." Gwen laughed.

"Does Julia know?" he asked.

"No, but you can tell her," she answered. "There isn't any secret about it."

"Hmph!" said Larry.

Gwen looked at him tenderly. "You seem awfully blue, darling. There's nothing wrong?"

"Oh, no, nothing," he answered. "Nothing at all."

Gwen kissed his cheek. "I'll phone you to-morrow. Will you be my very first dinner guest? I'm not sure when they're moving in, but I'll let you know."

Later, when the telephone rang, he eyed it sourly, and didn't answer. Twenty minutes later his doorbell rang, and he curled his lips in a nasty smile. Then suddenly someone banged at his door.

"You let me in, Larry Burnham!" cried Julia's voice.

Larry let her in with alacrity.

Julia was in a furious temper.

"Did you know that Gwen Darcy has Louise and Gaston?" she demanded.

He nodded.

Julia's eyes were blazing. "Well!" she said accusingly. "They'll be perfectly wretched with her. We've got to do something."

Larry's heart turned over at her selection of pronoun.

He lighted a fire and made her sit on the couch. The firelight flickered on her anxious face, and he wanted her to sit there every night for the rest of their lives.

"There's no earthly way I can make room for them both," she said. "Even if I could afford them both."

"There's no way here, either," said Larry. "Think of my budget."

She looked at him suspiciously. "Have you thought of it?"

"Every minute," Larry answered. "Julia, I haven't thought of anything else. I've been so miserable—"

Her eyes softened. "So have I," she admitted.

Larry took a deep breath. "From a practical point of view, there's only one solution," he told her. "With Louise and Gaston's happiness at stake—" His eyes held hers.

"Oh, Larry!" said Julia. "Larry, I do love you."

"I love you," said Larry.

"You love me!" she said, indignantly. "Wolf!"

"I'm not a wolf," said Larry. "I say I love you and I mean it. Julia, please will you marry me?"

"Of course not!" she answered. "Why should I?"

He did not hesitate. "Because I love you so," he replied. "Because I love you with tenderness and respect and all my heart. I'd like to spend the rest of my life taking care of you."

"Good heavens!" said Julia. Her eyes were bewildered, but the anger had left them. Then she smiled slowly.

Some minutes later her head stirred against his shoulder, and she said dreamily, "Of course everyone will always say that we got married to keep our cooks."

He was holding her hand tightly. "Marriages have been based on worse premises, I imagine. They'll never know that the real reason is because of my budget, will they?"

Julia smiled happily. "Don't forget your investments, darling," she reminded him.

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HAZEL

"Nice doggie! Bring that steak to Momma."

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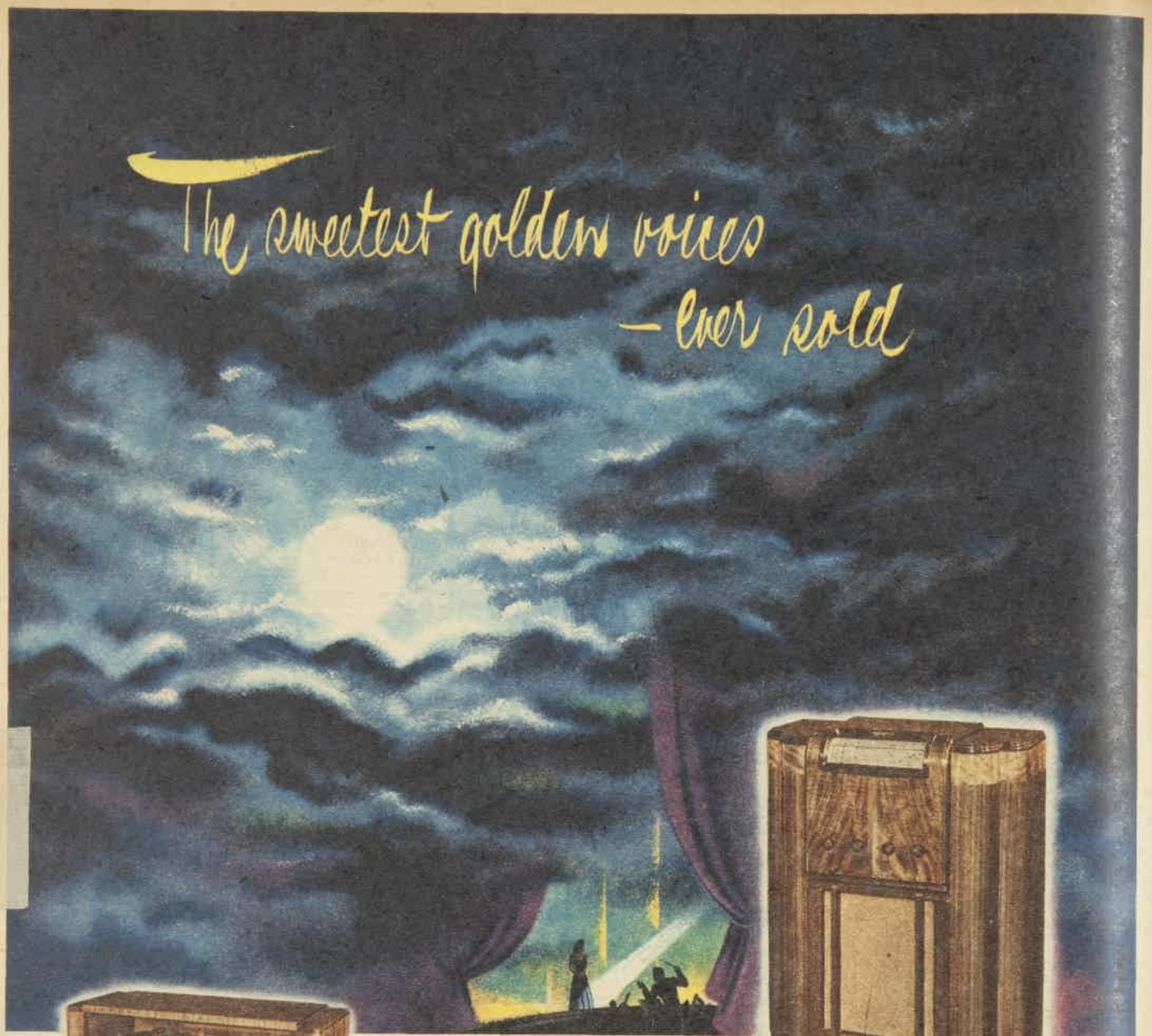

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Last-minute excitement surrounds Elizabeth

With details finalised, Princess is enjoying pre-wedding parties

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

Every detail has been finalised for the Royal wedding next week. The bride's lovely satin wedding dress and the bridesmaids' eight white tulle frocks are waiting at Buckingham Palace to be lifted from their tissue wrapping on the wedding morning.

For weeks Princess Elizabeth and her bridesmaids have had long, excited discussions, and have gone over and over again the plans for the great day.

ELIZABETH and her eight bridesmaids are now enjoying a round of pre-wedding parties and the last-minute excitement of opening the wedding presents.

For the last few week-ends at Royal Lodge, Windsor, which the Royal Family have always called "home," there have been family dinner parties with Lieutenant Mountbatten, his cousin and best man, the Marquess of Milford Haven, and several of the bridesmaids as guests.

While the King, with Philip and David Milford Haven, has gone off pheasant shooting, Elizabeth, Margaret, and some of the bridesmaids have driven off to look over Windlesham Moor, the Royal couple's future home.

No bride in the world was happier than Princess Elizabeth when the beautiful small estate in Surrey was made available for her and her future husband.

Formerly the home of Australian stockbroker-sportsman William Clark, the estate is now owned by Mrs. Warwick Bryant, formerly Mrs Philip Hill.

"Elizabeth could not get enthusiastic about the apartment at Windsor which had been her schoolrooms and private suite when she grew up," a close friend of the Royal Family told me.

"She loved the rooms, and used to joke about the crickets that chirped in the long, narrow passageways of the Castle, but she longed for somewhere of her own to start her married life."

Now Princess Elizabeth is having all the joy of planning where her furniture and lovely wedding presents will go in her new home.

Driving the car which was her parents' 21st birthday present, she has taken Princess Margaret and her cousin, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, who is one of her most intimate friends, with her, and they have gone over every corner of Windlesham Moor.

It is only two and a half miles from the ill-fated Sunninghill Park, "grace and favor residence," which was given to the Princess by the King, but seriously damaged by fire during September.

One day, when material and labor become more plentiful, Elizabeth and Philip will move from Windlesham to Sunninghill.

Both estates belonged to the late millionaire, Philip Hill. It was while the Royal Family were on their tour of South Africa that Philip Hill's widow married Mr. Warwick Bryant, a Johannesburg stockbroker.

Several members of the Royal entourage were guests at the wedding

"Uncle Dickie"—Viscount Mountbatten of Burma—has sent his wedding present, an old-fashioned four-poster bed.

Family gift

ALL members of the Royal Family have—apart from their individual presents—subscribed to a joint family present, which the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are choosing. That, too, will be something for the home.

Princess Elizabeth has asked that work on the carpet from Kidderminster—centre of the carpet industry—be postponed until she decides in which room it is to go, so that the size and color will be right.

Though Princess Elizabeth has asked for only 100 extra coupons, she has many lovely evening dresses which were made for the South African tour and which she saved for her trousseau.

At the private dance the King and Queen will give at Buckingham Palace for the Princess and her fiance, the Princess will wear the lovely, shimmering gold-and-white sequined net which she wore on her 21st birthday, and at the Palace reception on November 18, when 1000 guests will be entertained, Elizabeth will wear a more formal ruched pink net crinoline.

This reception will take the place of the State Ball that would have been held at the Palace had times been more normal.

The night before the wedding all the bridesmaids will stay at Buckingham Palace, as well as many visiting Royalties.

Perhaps the happiest old lady in all the land on the night before the wedding will be the bridegroom's grandmother, the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven.

The bridegroom will spend his last night as a bachelor with her.

With him will be his best man, the Marquess of Milford Haven, who makes his home in London at Kensington Palace with the widow of the famous Prince Louis of Battenberg, one-time Admiral of the Fleet.

This rather lonely, highly intelligent and beautiful old lady will thus have with her on the wedding eve her two favorite grandsons.

Nothing could be nearer wish-fulfilment for her than this marriage of Philip and Elizabeth, both descendants of Queen Victoria.

The Dowager is Queen Victoria's granddaughter, her mother being Princess Alice, second daughter of Queen Victoria, who married H.R.H. the late Grand Duke Ludwig IV of Hesse.

Philip is the only son of her daughter, Princess Alice.

On the wedding morning Philip and Lord Milford Haven will drive together to the Abbey in one of the King's cars from the Royal Mews, but their only escort will be a Palace car, for until after the marriage service Philip does not rank as a Royal personage.

This marriage is bringing to London thousands of visitors.

No austerity can rob Elizabeth's wedding day of the beauty of stately ceremonial.

And no austerity can spoil the music Princess Elizabeth herself has chosen for her wedding, nor the sweetness of the choir boys' voices singing the motet that Australian Dr. William McKie, Abbey organist, has composed specially for the occasion, "We Wait For the Loving Kindness of God."

Nor can austerity dampen the enthusiasm of the little flower-girls who work on the bouquets for Elizabeth and her bridesmaids.

Following tradition, the flowers are supplied by the Worshipful Company of Gardeners, who have chosen one of the smaller florists to carry out the work, a florist whose two shops are in Fenchurch Street and Ludgate Circus.

"I have had morning rehearsals of the music for the Royal wedding for some time now," Dr. McKie told me. "But none of the choir boys knew which was the wedding music and which for ordinary services.

"By keeping the wedding music a secret from them they didn't get stale by over-rehearsing.

Abbey music

"PRINCESS ELIZABETH chose the music for her wedding, and it follows the lines of previous Royal weddings," said the Australian organist, who will have easily the best view of the Royal bride from his seat at the Abbey organ.

Keeper of the King's Musick, Sir Arnold Bax, composed the fanfare of trumpets that will be sounded when the King arrives at the Abbey with the bride.

The wedding procession will move to the sanctuary while "Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven," is sung.

After the introduction is read by the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Don, and the Solemnisation of Marriage by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, will follow Psalm 67, "God Be Merciful Unto Us and Bless Us."

"After the prayers my motet will be sung," Dr. McKie said.

The choice of music, following the lines of previous Royal weddings, is "Sonata in G Major" (First Movement), by Elgar; "Andante Cantabile," Widor; fugue, "Alla Giga," Bach; "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," Bach; selections from the "Water Music," Handel; and "Bridal March and Finale," Parry.

During the signing of the registers in the Chapel of Edward the Confessor there will be sung the anthem "Blessed Be the God and Father," by Samuel Sebastian Wesley.

The procession of the bride and bridegroom will be heralded by a third fanfare leading into the "Wedding March," by Mendelssohn.

Though it is the King's wish that schoolchildren should have a holiday, but no souvenirs and nothing but the "simplest arrangements for entertaining," England's schoolchildren have been quietly informed by the Ministry of Food officials that should they hold parties they may be granted rations

Each child in England may make merry on one-seventh of an ounce of jam, a quarter ounce of margarine, and a soupspoon of sugar.

The whole populace is going junketing, and already bunting and floral tributes decorate shops and streets in the West End

Thousands are arriving from the provinces, and the Queen Mary is due in three days with more film stars than have ever before invaded Britain at one time.

Maharajahs are flying here, and large parties are coming from Belgium and Switzerland

Two boatloads of visitors from Sweden are anchored in the Thames.

For one glorious day women are dressing in their very best as a compliment to the fairest and loveliest Royal bride that ever stepped on to the red carpet of the Abbey.

The new long dress-length will be established after Elizabeth's wedding to Philip, for every West End couturier assures me the chosen length is nearer the ankle than the knee for frocks to be worn at the wedding.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH and her fiance arriving at a ball in London. She is wearing the pink tulle ball gown she is expected to wear at the reception for 1000 guests two nights before her wedding.

BRIDESMAID Lady Elizabeth Lambart, photographed in Bruton Street after she had tried on her bridesmaid's frock at Hartnell's.

CLOSE friend of the bride, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, one of the eight bridesmaids, leaving the Hartnell Salon after a fitting.

OUR COVER

★ Our cover for this issue is the most recent color photograph of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth.

She is shown with her fiance, Lieut. Philip Mountbatten, and H.R.H. Princess Margaret, who will be first bridesmaid at their wedding on Nov. 20.

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EDITORIAL This wedding upholds finest traditions of Royalty

Princess Elizabeth's cypher or official monogram.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, Heiress Presumptive to the Throne of a great commonwealth of nations, will have an austerity wedding next week.

True, there is nothing austere about it compared with the quiet wedding planned for the next day by little Miss Smith of Tooting, but austere it is by standards of traditional Royal magnificence.

Little Miss Smith is unlikely to begrudge the Princess her comparative grandeur. The churlish protest by Communist M.P. Gallacher against the "lavish expenditure" on the wedding is not echoed in many British hearts.

Most see it with Mr. Churchill as a "splash of color on the hard road we have to travel."

For the British people have been seeing history made in terms of tragedy, horror, and hardship for long enough.

The page written next Thursday will be a happy one. It will remind them of the storied splendor to which they are heirs rather than of the drab parsimony of their present struggle for existence.

The limitations on the scale of the wedding have an important significance, nevertheless. They are an indication of the way the life of the monarchy to-day is knit with that of the people.

It is because of the economies that Princess Elizabeth's wedding can be said to uphold the finest traditions of modern British monarchy.

Royalty's great state, in other times, was maintained regardless of the prosperity of the nation or the condition of the people.

The sharp contrasts that resulted were generally accepted as more or less inevitable.

But now Royalty's influence is based on mutual respect between the Crown and the people, and this wouldn't exist without mutual consideration of each other's needs and dignity.

Princess Elizabeth, a sensible, intelligent young woman, carefully reared and trained to be a queen, would find the one-time pomp and extravagance of Royal ceremonies as much an affront to her good taste as it would be to the people's feelings at a time like this.

The British, long famed for their down-to-earth commonsense, know well that royalty in rags would be ridiculous and that the wedding of their future Queen cannot be a shabby affair followed by tea and a bun at Lyons.

So we have the happy British compromise of a wedding of reasonable economy, not interrupting the nation's work, wasting no materials for grandstands or seating, but with the glory of an historic abbey for its setting and the love and respect of millions to bless it.

THIS last has been the reward of all English sovereigns who have been wise as well as powerful. The people have accorded them a vast and astonishing affection.

When the great Queen Elizabeth was presented by the city of Coventry with a handsome cup filled with gold, the mayor told her: "If it please your Grace, there is a great deal more in it . . . the hearts of all your loving subjects."

"We thank you, Mr. Mayor," said she. "It is a great deal more indeed."

The new Elizabeth, too, will have that "great deal more indeed," though there could be no greater contrast between her role when she ascends the Throne and that of her tempestuous namesake.

Queen Elizabeth's word on national policy or action was final. Her counsellors merely gave advice. She made the decisions. She refused to go to war when they told her to. She vetoed Acts which had been passed by both Houses of Parliament.

Such things will not be part of Princess Elizabeth's story.

Her share in government is strictly controlled by constitutional law, which has lopped the powers and prerogatives of the Crown until the monarch has little "ruling" to do.

Too, there is nowhere such sensitiveness to public opinion, such strict observance of the dictates of political and social usage as in the Royal Household.

ELIZABETH'S life as Queen, like her life now as Heiress Presumptive, will be as disciplined as that of any soldier. Her every public action will be governed by laws and precedents, her personal life and her private wishes subject always to the demands and duties of her great destiny.

That is why her marriage to a man as young, romantic, and eminently suitable as Philip Mountbatten gives such joy to her people.

COAT-OF-ARMS of Princess Elizabeth. Closely aligned to the King's coat-of-arms, they are differenced by a label of three points, the centre point being charged with a Tudor Rose and each of the other points with St. George's Cross. Supporters are similarly differenced. The coronet is composed of crosses and fleur-de-lys.

In this match, it is credible — in fact obvious—that her wishes were in line with her duty.

Princes and princesses have limited choice and no privacy in their romances. When they are also heirs or occupiers of thrones their importance in ensuring the succession has always made a public question of what for ordinary men and women are matters of intimate personal concern only.

They may decline to marry if they wish, but they may not marry against the people's feelings.

Elizabeth's uncle, Edward VIII, whose fabulous popularity seemed to make him safe against any criticism, had to sacrifice his crown for his love.

Elizabeth has averted distasteful discussion or matchmaking by falling in love so early and so suitably.

In this she follows the example of her great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, who, after meeting her future husband, confided to her diary: "It was with some emotion that I beheld Albert—who is *beautiful*."

Queen Elizabeth was less lucky. So important was the matter of the succession in her day that her marriage was canvassed until her middle-age with a frankness that offends modern standards of delicacy.

She was plagued by suitors of all kinds, including a boy of 14, and at 46 she was still contemplating marriage with a youth more than 20 years her junior.

The reason for the different histories of these two great Queens lies in their characters. Victoria needed someone to lean on. Elizabeth had no wish to share her power.

When her last chance of marriage had passed, Queen Elizabeth wept, and some scholars believe that she wept not for the political losses of the cancelled wooing but for her vanished hope of love and children.

When Princess Elizabeth plights her troth next week, the match will have no Foreign Office significance. She has married one of her father's subjects, as Philip's naturalisation made him a British citizen without alien titles or loyalties.

For her future subjects it will be a fascinating study to watch Princess Elizabeth develop to responsible maturity and her husband turn from sailor Prince Charming into a man continually busy with important matters.

Will they develop that almost mysterious unity with their era that Victoria and Albert did? Historians point out that in their happy domesticity and earnest goodness Victoria and Albert were not only an example to the age—they were its epitome. One writer has said that if the Queen was Victorian so was the age.

What could have been more absolutely right for the 16th century than Elizabeth, with her lusty oaths, her infinite capacity for intrigue, iron constitution, and unbounded energy? She was essentially one with the swashbuckling gallants of her Court.

WHAT sort of Queen will the British people want the new Elizabeth to be?

If the present holds up any mirror to the future, they will not want a story-book princess, an elegant puppet, a brilliant figurehead.

They will want a woman who, in this sober, troubled world where women take equal responsibilities with men, will combine ability, knowledge, and grasp of affairs with the best of feminine qualities—gentleness, sensitivity, and compassion.

They will want both her mind and her heart to be worthy of admiration, and already she shows promise that they will be so.

In her vast tasks, she will have a fine helper at her side. Philip has been brought up in the household of one of the most brilliant Englishmen of the day—his uncle, Viscount Mountbatten of Burma. He had a fine war record, and has already shown considerable administrative ability.

As the bells ring out on Thursday, many an anxious prayer will go up that in the years ahead of the Royal couple Britain will be restored to her former power and prosperity.

And heartfelt will be the wishes that they may be successful in their duties and in their private relationship, blessed by the true and lasting love that is the crown of life for all humans, prince and pauper alike.

It seems to me

By DOROTHY DRAIN

ALTHOUGH Princess Elizabeth's wedding presents are on an incomparably grander scale than an ordinary bride's, they range in the same way from the eminently desirable (not necessarily the most expensive) to the less desirable.

Most girls agree on the most enviable and useful—Canada's mink coat. Australia's silver salvers are handsome enough, but one does feel there must be an awful lot of silver salvers in Royal circles.

What you can't help wondering is where they will all be kept—including, as they do, everything from priceless ornaments to the white silk cushion embroidered with the words "Don't Fence Me In."

* * *

WHEN you hark to the Quiz and see what a whiz
Some folk are at knowing the answers,
You wonder just what they eternally twist,
If they've time to play golf, or are dancers.

The Encyclo. Brit. and the Outline of Lit.
On a bus ride they doubtless indulge in;
With tomes that would bore us like Roget's Thesaurus
Their bookshelves are probably bulgin'.

For a light little change they would happily range
Over Whitaker, Webster, and Fowler's,
With a Year Book or two and a dip in Who's Who
As a daily preventive of howlers.

They wouldn't have time for fiction or crime
And indeed—'tis a thought that is solemn—
With such concentration on real information
I doubt that they study this column.

* * *

GRANDMOTHERS who think their daughters are too rigid in their adherence to feeding times for baby were no doubt pleased to read about the new theory of an American psychologist on this point.

The psychologist, Dr. Joseph McHunt, suggests that a baby who isn't fed when hungry but is strictly kept to schedule grows up to be stingy.

The brief account of this theory that I read suggests it has flaws. Are we to understand that parsimony is a product of modern mothercraft? Was Scrooge the offspring of a precursor of Truby King?

Nor do I see anything conclusive in an example cited by Dr. McHunt: He says that a New Guinea tribe, in which mothers feed the children often and affectionately, produces generous, co-operative, and peaceful adults.

But, of course! Why shouldn't they be generous and co-operative and peaceful? They're uncivilised!

* * *

LONDON messages state that the Wallabies, after winning the wild Rugby Union match against Llanelly, Wales, had police protection at the subsequent dinner, when the rival teams sat at separate tables.

What a delightful solution, and so simple. Here is yet another way in which sport continues its celebrated role as a smoother of international relations.

Instead of attempting to mix people of different countries, keep 'em separate. If they don't talk to one another they can't disagree, can they?

Hostesses might take note, too.

* * *

ACCORDING to a report from Melbourne, the Mayor of Footscray complained about the use of his suburb's name in a comic song at a city theatre:

What is so funny in Footscray
And why do they laugh at the 'Loo?
Americans giggle at Brooklyn,
Which incenses some Brooklynites, too.

The English think Wigan is witty
And Blackpool's a comedy cue,
To grudge us the joke were a pity,
For fame with a smile comes to few.

JOHNSON'S LIQUID OR PASTE WAX protects your furniture and floors and preserves their beauty — Insist on Johnson's.

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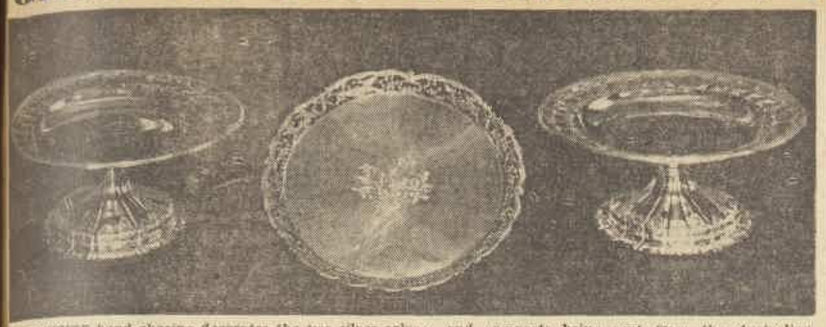
Gifts for the Princess . . .



EXQUISITE hand-chasing decorates the two silver salvers and comports being sent from the Australian Commonwealth Government to the Royal bride and her bridegroom. The salvers have a pierced border of wattle design and stand on three hand-pierced feet. The Commonwealth coat-of-arms is inlaid in gold on the comports, inscribed on the salvers, one of which is shown in the picture.

She is most excited over household goods

From MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London office

For weeks the wealth of the world has been pouring into Buckingham Palace as gifts for the Royal bride and her bridegroom, and a member of the Royal Household has been detailed to look after the presents and arrange them at St. James' Palace, where they are on view to the public.

The presents range from food parcels bought with the pennies of schoolchildren to an exquisite 36-piece gold dressing-table service, magnificent silverware, fabrics, furniture, china, linen, and jewels.

IN most cases the donors have written to the Palace to ask if the Royal couple have expressed any particular wish. And in every instance Princess Elizabeth has thought first of the people of England, and asked that some of the money, or gifts, be sent to those who are in need.

Her lady-in-waiting told me: "She is very glad of household linen, and is excited about the furniture, tea service, and silverware that are being sent. Her first thought is the home she and her husband will make at Windlesham Moor, Surrey."

Queen Mary's gift is a set of Victorian side pieces and tables.

One of the prettiest and most touching wedding presents is coming from Paris and is being made by seamstresses in one of the larger Paris salons. It is a rose-colored silk negligee, with the corsage embroidered in a floral design.

REPRODUCTION of Georgian silver dessert service in a cream leather velvet-lined case is gift of women of Victoria. It consists of five pieces. Three are shown here.

From all over the British Commonwealth gifts are arriving.

The Commonwealth of Australia's gift to Princess Elizabeth is hand-chased silverplate, consisting of a pair of comports (stemmed dishes) and a pair of salvers both bearing the Commonwealth coat-of-arms.

Other Government gifts include: Pine wool travelling rugs and blankets from N.S.W.; a Sheraton period boudoir table from Victoria; 5000 cases of canned pineapple, with special gift labels, from Queensland; polished jarrah panelling for a room in the Princess' new home from Western Australia; an 11-piece sterling silver tea and coffee service from South Australia; and a painting by John Eldershaw from Tasmania.

From organisations

GIFTS from various organisations include a six-layer wedding cake from the Country Women's Association of Australia, a landscape by James R. Jackson from the Victorian C.W.A., a hand-woven blue wool cloak from ex-service technical students, a silver dessert service and a cigarette-box made out of 400,000 pieces of wood from the women of Victoria, pair of horse-riding crops from the amateur sporting women's bodies in N.S.W., and 2000lb. of sweets, to be distributed to London children, from the Junior Red Cross.

The official gift of the Canadian Government is a mink coat, selected by Princess Elizabeth from several submitted.

The Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League is giving a gold maple leaf with a diamond-encrusted stem. The crest of the Legion, in colored enamel and studded with diamonds and rubies, will be superimposed on the leaf.

"Something special" is promised from the Kimberley diamond firms and the Rand gold organisations of South Africa.

Toronto's wedding gift will be food. Two pounds of food from each of her 900,500 inhabitants: (804 tons) are coming for the people of Britain.

Nova Scotia has a town Windsor, population 4000, and it will send a Christmas gift of food, cigarettes, and apples to Windsor, England, population 8800, as part of its wedding present to Elizabeth.

From Bermuda is coming some beautiful furniture of seasoned Bermuda cedarwood; from Shanghai a Peking carpet; from Ontario a live lamb, to raise money for charity; from Sark a heifer.

All the Girl Guides of the Empire are contributing threepence each for their present. Princess Elizabeth has been a Guide ever since she was 11 years old.

The British Carnation Society is giving enough blooms to decorate the Palace for the reception.

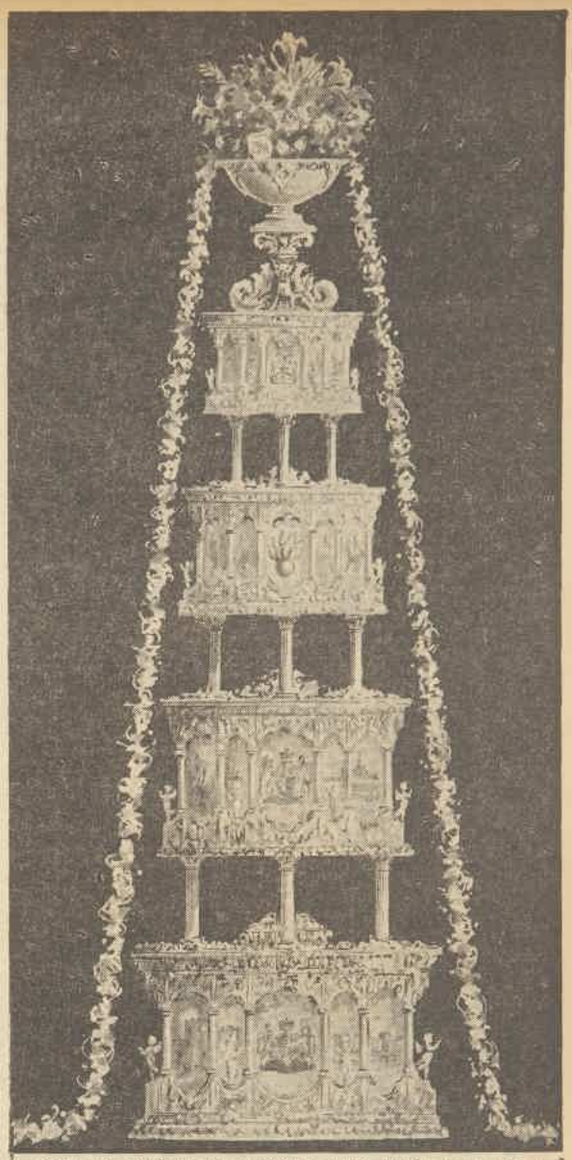
From Northern Ireland most of the Royal couple's linen will come. It will be displayed in Belfast before despatch, and is likely to be the most beautiful collection ever seen in the history of the industry.

From the United States 50,000 parcels are coming, and each will contain 22lb. of food for the Princess to distribute to British families.

From welfare groups in the United States to needy British families 50/- food parcels are on their way, each containing a month's supplementary rations. British welfare organisations will choose the families, and the parcels will be distributed soon after the wedding.

A tea service is the gift from France, where all other work has been put aside at the famous Sevres china works to enable the craftsmen to concentrate on what, I am told, will be one of the finest examples of Sevres ware.

CRAFTSMAN Morton Kenwrick at work on South Australia's 11-piece sterling silver tea and coffee service, which will stand on a silver tray and be encased in a cedar cabinet.



OFFICIAL CAKE for Royal wedding which will be in the centre of the table. There will be about a dozen gift cakes, most of which will be cut and distributed to various charities and organisations.

The wedding cake

The official wedding cake, which Princess Elizabeth will cut with Lieutenant Mountbatten's sword on her wedding day, weighs 500lbs and is nine feet high.

IT consists of four tiers, separated by silver pillars, and stands on a solid silver base measuring 40 inches across. The pillars and stand were used at the weddings of Princess Elizabeth's parents and grandparents.

On top of the cake will stand a silver quaigh, a type of drinking-cup, bought in Edinburgh through an antiquarian society as a gift for the Princess.

The quaigh will be filled with fresh flowers, and streamers of flowers and green leaves will fall on either side of the cake.

The white decorations on the cake are semi-Grecian in style.

The bottom tier has the coat-of arms of Princess Elizabeth in the centre, a scene of Balmoral Castle on the left, and a scene of Windsor Castle on the right.

The second tier shows the coat-of-arms of Lieutenant Mountbatten, with his interests and sports on either side. The third tier has the badge of the Grenadier Guards in the centre, with Princess Elizabeth's interests on either side.

On the top tier the centrepiece is the badge of the Sea Rangers, with the Princess' initials on one side, Lieutenant Mountbatten's on the other. Between the panels stand cupids in various attitudes designed to fit into the general scheme.

Many hundreds of pieces of sugar-work had to be made off the cake and have been fitted together to make the whole.

The ingredients of the cake were, as far as possible, drawn from Empire sources. Several items were collected by the Girl Guides of Australia and specially shipped to England in time for inclusion.

The baking of these large, rich cakes is a problem in itself, taking from eight to 10 hours in the oven. However, with great attention to all details, this was accomplished satisfactorily. Cunningly hidden in the large wedge which will be cut from the lowest tier are seven charms made of solid gold. These represent a wedding ring, a thimble, a bachelor's button, a threepenny bit, a horseshoe, a dove, and a donkey.

The cake was made, designed, and decorated by the chief confectioner at McVitie and Prices, London, and an assistant, who has helped with several Royal cakes.

Adelyn Paris Fashions——Obtainable from all stores in all States throughout Australia——Adelyn Paris Fashions.

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Love goes on wheels

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It's fun to lead the Lifebuoy Life

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[ADVERTISEMENT]

THE thing that's luckiest about spoiled kiddies is that you never seem to have any in your own family.

* * *

Mothers have to be knowledgeable people. But here's one childish statement I defy any mamma to answer! "Mummy, last night you said when I woke up it would be to-morrow. Now you tell me it's to-day!" See what I mean?

* * *

When Rinso comes through the door, drudgery flies out the window. So keep it in mind next time you've had dinner guests and you've piled up enough dirty dishes to reach from here to Vladivostock. Rinso can make short work of long jobs like this.

* * *

My brother thinks marriage is fine, except for one thing. Says he has to wear his golf socks every day. I asked him what makes golf socks so different from the ordinary kind. He declares HIS have 18 holes apiece.

* * *

WORDS OF WISDOM DEPT.: A fellow who's always declaiming he's no fool usually, has his suspicions.

* * *

Congratulations are in order this month for both "Australia's Amateur Hour" and Dick Fair. The Rinso Hour's 7th birthday falls on the 27th of this month. Dick celebrates his in Sale, Victoria, just one week earlier, when he returns from a two-day flying visit to Perth, where he'll compere the "finals" of the Miss Western Australia contest.

* * *

Folks think there's a lot of difference between a married man and a bachelor. Your old Newshound doesn't agree. After all, it only means that one's caged and the other is chgey!

* * *

John Barrymore, the "Profile" who set our mammas' hearts a'flutter, once said: "The only way to fight a woman is with your hat. Grab it and run."

* * *

Have you Australia's tallest building in your State? Or the oldest man? Or the most talkative barber? Or the most musical echo? Or the lonellest lighthouse keeper? Any oddity—any item or object of news in your town or city can win a place of honour in "NATIONAL FAIR." Listen for it in the near future. It's a sensation—the between-States radio contest that is really news. "National Fair" will make national history—just see if it doesn't!

* * *

My Aunt Eliza (the one who collects cobwebs in case there's a housing shortage among spiders) says it's really amazing what delightful dishes can be made out of leftovers. Why, the other day she heard of a woman who made a delicious pudding out of an old cook-book she was going to throw away.

* * *

Technicoloured legs are in the news overseas. The lady who really has her ear to the fashion keyhole and her pretty feet well on the ground is wearing stockings to match her gowns. Greens and tans and scarlets are keeping eyes well down.

Cheers, dears.

Woof

"Darling! You DID remember our anniversary!"

Celebrate each washday with RINSO'S THICKER RICHER SUDS

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

FORTUNE favors Cancerians, Sagittarians, Scorpions, and Pisceans now, but extravagance and rashness should be avoided.

Arians and Leonians may find conditions improve slightly now, but Geminians, Aquarians, and Taurians should be wary and live quietly.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Good fortune possible, so plan well. Nov. 11 (late) poor, but 14 (to 9 p.m.) and 15 excellent. Nov. 16 (late) and 17 poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Dodge quarrels and rashness now, as unhappiness may follow. Live very quietly on Nov. 11 (late), 12, and 13.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Guard against domestic upheavals and extravagance now. Nov. 12 (evening), 13 (midday), 14, 15, and 16 (early) all poor.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): General good fortune likely this week, but avoid over-confidence.

BUTCH

"I didn't forget your birthday, Daisy. I even went to th' jewellers —but he was still open."

Nov. 11 (evening), 12 (to 5 p.m.), 13 (after 2 p.m.), 14 (to 9 p.m.), and 15 (evening) can all prove very helpful.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): A confused week, but good fortune possible on Nov. 11 (to noon), 14 (to 9 p.m.), and 15. Be cautious rest of week.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Beware indiscretions, extravagances, or domestic upheavals on Nov. 12 (after 5 p.m.), 13 (midday), 14, and 15. Rest of week can prove quite fair.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Modest benefit likely on Nov. 11 (to midday), 14 (to 9 p.m.), and 15 (early and late).

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): A tricky week, but helpful for gains and promotions on Nov. 11, 12 (to 6 p.m.), 13 (after 2 p.m.), 14 (to 9 p.m.), and 15.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Fortune favors you now, but guard against unconventionality. Romance, happiness possible on Nov. 11 (to noon), 13 (late), 14 (to 9 p.m.), and 15.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Modest good fortune likely on Nov. 13 (to 9 p.m.), 14 (evening), 16, and 17 (every midday).

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 18): Difficult days now, so guard against ailments, losses, and quarrels, especially on Nov. 11 (evening), 12, 13, 14 (evening), and 16 (early).

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): General good fortune likely now. Nov. 11, 12 (to 5 p.m.), and 13 (after 3 p.m.) all helpful, but beware domestic upheavals and worry during rest of week.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: 41-52 (to Nov. 30).
BUTTER: 37-39 (to Nov. 30).
MEAT: Black 85-88 (89, 90 available Nov. 24), green, 97, 99 (100 available Nov. 24).
CLOTHING: 1-56 current.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of the rare flame-colored pearls. His daughter
BETTY: Is also on board the yacht Argos. After leaving the magnetic island the Argos drops anchor in a tropical harbor. Natives come aboard to trade, including
THE CHIEF: Wily head of the tribe. He asks Betty as his wife in return for three cows, and promises to show them where flame pearls may be found. Disappearance of Betty is followed by the arrival of three cows on a raft, indicating that the Chief has taken the girl by force to his village.

NOW READ ON:

★ KREAM CORNFLOUR MAKES A "SWEET" APPEAL AT ANY MEAL ★

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MALE FASHIONS. Topper, morning coat, and striped pants worn by Tom Porter, of Adelaide, who chats with Mrs. Max Glover at Flemington on Derby Day

PREPARED FOR RAIN. Viscount Dunwich, controller of household to Melbourne Government House for past year, attends Cup with Viscountess Dunwich, who leaves for England in Orion.

LIME-AND-BLACK SILK patterned frock with harem skirt, topped with black coat and accessories worn by Mrs. Frank Bragg, of Aberdeen, N.S.W., snapped on lawns with Mrs. Alan Bragg, of Cootamundra, who stays in Melbourne with her mother, Mrs. E. L. Lawry. The Frank Braggs make the Australia their headquarters.

COUNTRY VISITOR from Skipton, Victoria, Mary Austin, snapped with Major C. O. Fairbairn at Melbourne Cup. Pretty blonde Mary was among many Melbourne racegoers who chose the ever serviceable suit for her Cup ensemble.

Intimate Pottings

MELBOURNE Cup memories... Battle of hemline resolves itself into tug o' war. Sydney says long. Melbourne, stubbornly unimpressed, distresses model salons with instructions to "take up the hem".

Everyone in darker stockings . . . sheerest black and gunmetal widely featured. Melbourne's Mrs. John Mollard, recently returned from America, has last word, though. Her race week hosiery includes green, blue, and wine nylons!

While the sun shines, Sydney leads with French tailored suits . . . Melbourne retaliates round cocktail time with superbly cut black informal frocks.

• • •

BOUQUET of Cup Carnival goes to Mrs. Norman Hill. Simple elegance and Parisian chic theme of her dressing throughout festivities.

Most of all liked glimpse I had of her chatting with Viscount and Viscountess Dunwich in sunshine on Derby Day. Joan sets off her navy-blue harem draped silk suit with small upturned white hat. Cluster of white almond blossom and red cherries nonchalantly swings from navy hat and shoulder veiling. Tiny padded navy heart hatpin perfect touch.

Lady Dunwich and daughters Hon. Marye and Hon. Penelope Rous enthuse over recent first visit to Sydney. Melbourne and Sydney friends lament cocktail party they give at The Cottage, Government House, this Friday is to say farewell before returning to England. Lord Dunwich, who completes most likeable foursome, is son of former Governor-General Lord Stonehaven.

COCKTAIL GUESTS. Mrs. James Elliott Murray, of Rhine Park, Eden Valley, South Australia, formerly Valerie Purves, of Melbourne, with member for Fawkner (Vic.), Harold Holt, and Mrs. Holt at Cup Eve party given by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nelken.

SYDNEYSIDERS Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hill, with Sir Robert Knox (left) at Cup Eve party at the Louis Nelkens'. Mrs. Hill was voted one of the best-dressed women at racing festivities. Her large navy-blue net-swathed hat was greatly admired at party.

MELBOURNE'S Lord Mayor, Councillor Ray Connelly, and Lady Mayoress, his sister, Mrs. Bernard Heinze, who wears navy-blue satin hooded raincoat.

GLAMOR HAT worn by Mrs. Sam Wood, formerly Sheila Lyle, of Sydney, when she attends cocktail party given by the Louis Nelkens at their Toorak home. Sheila chats with Monica Grantham.

ENGLISH absentee is Lady Hambro, who had planned to see Cup with cousins Mrs. Louis Nelken, Mrs. M. H. Baillieu, and Mrs. Pat Osborne, of Willeroo, Tarrago, N.S.W. She had to make sudden change of plans when Stratheden reached Perth and found cable to fly straight to New Zealand to see seriously ill grandchild. Mrs. Nelken, Mrs. Baillieu, and Mrs. Osborne have wonderful reunion, however, with sister Mrs. Clement Vallange, who travels out with Lady Hambro. Mrs. Vallange re-greets Melbourne after absence of 37 years at superb Cup Eve party the Nelkens give at their Toorak home . . . 300 guests . . . spacious flower-massed reception rooms . . . and guitar - playing minstrels wandering at will round house and garden with strategic music. Mrs. Vallange is guest-of-honor, too, at huge Oaks Day cocktail party given by Mrs. Baillieu at Toorak Road home. The Baillieu family also engrossed with happy task of welcoming from overseas Teddy Baillieu and his English wife, and the former Yvette Baillieu, with her Canadian husband Robin Wilson.

• • •

TEDDY and Yvette are son and daughter of Sir Clive and Lady Baillieu, who make home in England. Incidentally, Windlesham Moor, Surrey, official home just chosen for Princess Elizabeth and Philip, formerly owned by Lady Baillieu's father, Mr. William Clarke. He lives at the Savoy Hotel, London, these days.

Yvette and Robin Wilson making cottage in grounds of Valima, Mrs. Edward Shackell's home in Linlithgow Road, Toorak, their headquarters in Melbourne.

• • •

THE tradition-conscious thrilled with return of grey toppers and entertaining where "under the elms" used to be at Flemington, for first time since the war. Cup Day luncheon hostesses include Mrs. John Ritchie. Among her seventy or so guests are the Denis Allens, who make Hotel Windsor their headquarters during races.

ATTRACTIVE heads together lunching at Australia when Gloris McGarrity, Shirley Roberts and Betty Laing team up with former Sydneysider Joan Keast. Joan, now living in Melbourne with parents, is as attractive as ever and full of plans about taking up piano work seriously next month.

• • •

CHAMPAGNE cocktails dispensed on Derby Eve by former Governor of Bihar, Sir Thomas Rutherford, and Lady Rutherford, at 14 Queen's Rd. . . . Familiar faces among guests include the Allan Potters, who stay at Menzies', and Mrs. and Mrs. Otto Falkiner, down from Widgiewa station, N.S.W. The Potters also among Sydney guests at al fresco luncheon Mrs. H. R. Creswick hostesses for son Alec . . . Seventy guests sit down to superb meal on final day of carnival.

• • •

FEEL like tapping Mrs. Hans Robertson on the shoulder for luck before I make my Cup bet. She casually mentions having stepped into "vacant" St. Kilda Road flat for race carnival! Invites Mrs. Pat Catton to share it with her. Pair are eye-catching twosome at brilliant race dance given by Mrs. T. G. Jones at fabulous Ripponlea home . . . It's set in acres of velvet-smooth lawns bordered with oaks and elms . . . Has rose-garlanded pale blue swimming-pool . . . and immense terrace . . . all flood-lit. Mrs. Robertson adds to general decor in swathed black chiffon gown with bunchy yellow roses cascading from waist. Mrs. Catton is in white jersey Grecian gown.

• • •

LATEST arrivals from London include Lord and Lady Vestey, on visit to daughter-in-law, Hon. Mrs. William Vestey, formerly Pamela Armstrong, granddaughter of Melba. Also interested to meet Hon. Mrs. Waite with husband Col. A. C. R. Waite. Petite, with mass of brilliant titian hair, she's daughter of Lord Austin. Couple staying at Chevron.

Joyce

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WORTH Reporting

SOME people never go out without an umbrella, but kindly, 82-year-old Mr. William Kerr, of Centennial Park, Sydney, always carries two valuable, precision-tested stopwatches.

Mr. Kerr has been honorary timekeeper to swimming, cycling, Great Public Schools, and other athletic societies for more than 60 years.

He has also been official timekeeper at Randwick racecourse for more than 40 years, and has owned several racehorses himself.

Mr. Kerr, retired manager of a firm of jewellers, started timekeeping at 20.

He has now had to give it up at swimming sports because it entails too much running up and down, and often an accidental ducking.

"I should say I've been pushed into the water by over-keen competitors at least half a dozen times," he said. "One of my stopwatches was ruined completely."

Mr. Kerr's first timekeeping event was a race of penny-farthing bicycles, but he considers the strangest event was a contest to beat the English record for making a suit of clothes.

Held in Sydney more than 20 years ago, it entailed every process from shearing a sheep to putting the finishing touches to the three-piece suit. English record was a little under two hours.

"I was out at the shearing-shed at 4 a.m., and the day went in a mad whirl," Mr. Kerr said. "I was rushed from one process to another, stopwatch in hand, and a speedway daredevil driver was hired to drive the cloth to the tailor's.

"Police had cleared the street, and he went like the wind. I didn't have time to think of my neck because I was too busy timing the trip."

The English record was beaten by a few minutes.

After a 100 yards championship some 30 years ago Mr. Kerr consulted his stop-watch to find the world record appeared to have been broken by several seconds.

When he had the course remeasured, the competitors had run only 90 yards!

"I had several bets that the course distance was wrong," Mr. Kerr chuckled. "They were the safest bets I had, because stopwatches like mine never make a mistake."

Collects ties

MOST frivolous of the hobbies of Mr. Vyvyan Holland, Oscar Wilde's son, now visiting Australia, is his collection of ties.

They must conform to two standards—must be eccentric, yet not loud or obtrusive.

They are of small-patterned heavy silk. Minute addressed envelopes with tiny multi-colored postage stamps form one pattern. Others show all kinds of men's hats (from sombreros to bowlers), newspaper headlines, and world-famous cigar bands.

For cocktail parties Mr. Holland usually dons a tie patterned with wine bottles, glasses, and bunches of grapes. He also has a series of exclusive prewar Austrian ties which show incidents from the stories of famous operas.

Most of his ties are from the famous Charvet, of Paris. Charvet limits production to 700 ties of one design.

In spite of this huge assortment of neckwear, Mr. Holland usually steps out in the tie of his old regiment, the Royal Artillery.

Animal Antics

"Let's drop in here for a snort."

Saving honey

WE receive many letters from British people who wish to thank Australians for their help in sending food to Britain.

One came recently from Miss Ivy Clegg, of 64 Avondale Avenue, Bury, Lancashire, telling us that many elderly people in Bury had been delighted to receive gift parcels earlier this year, and some of them, who had received honey, had put it away to ward off colds in the winter.

One old lady said to Miss Clegg: "We have not opened our honey yet but if any of your family has a sore throat, you must have a spoonful of it."

Migrant nurses

EIGHT British nurses arriving in the Ormonde are coming as a result of an advertisement in the London papers outlining the scheme for assisted passages for profesional people.

One of them, Dulcie James, went to school at Woodville, North Adelaide. The others include three Irish girls, one Scot, and three English girls.

The Irish girls are Mary McGuane, a member of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service during the war; Kay Walsh and Eileen McGowan, both of whom worked in London during the war.

Mary Fraser, the Scots girl, and Elizabeth Smith, a Londoner, were both Q.A. nurses. Rosalie Richter, of Chingford, and Doris Isaacs, of Cheam, Surrey, complete the party.

Craftsmen's job

THE silver salvers and dessert dishes presented by the Commonwealth to Princess Elizabeth are garlanded with a wattle motif designed by the former keeper of the Melbourne Cup, Mr. William Maughan, of Drummonds, jewellers, of Melbourne.

But Mr. Maughan hands the credit to the silversmith, chaser, and engraver. As the silversmith finished each forme he whisked it to the chaser. Then engraver Hector Blair was sent with salvers and dishes in a taxi to complete at home the delicate job of engraving.

While he worked the clock round Press photographers were barred.

"Flash of a bulb would throw his eyes out of focus for a few moments," Mr. Maughan said. "He couldn't afford even these few minutes."

Continuing . . . The Blast

from page 5

AN impersonal voice was giving out the news. It made me think of the town crier who had, in the old days, brought the news of war, of victory, or disaster. It appeared that Washington was completely obliterated and that, since the Federal Government no longer existed, New York and all the other States were on their own.

Governor Dewey advised calm and patience. He said he would undertake to keep order and restore vital utilities. People were advised to stay where they were and wait and not rush off to the country.

This news, of course, succeeded in achieving the purpose opposite to that desired and stampeded everyone, so that later in the day there was a veritable exodus of such cars as had gas in their tanks.

The rest of the news was that bad as things were, there was no cause for panic or alarm, and though the casualties in New York City were estimated to be more than seven hundred thousand, the fires were under control and we should remain calm.

The voice went on and on. Detroit, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and every other major city had been severely damaged. But everything would be all right; this foolish catch phrase was reiterated, and we were again advised to remain calm, stay at home if possible, until normalcy was restored.

How this was to be done with seven hundred thousand casualties and a quarter of Manhattan destroyed was not revealed. Nor, at this time, was any explanation given of the disaster or excuse offered for the negligence which had occasioned it.

An event less disastrous in a country less civilised might easily have sent the populace roaring off to Albany to hang their masters as scapegoats, since there was no one in Washington left alive to blame. Disaster demands its scapegoats, but things were now so bad that it did not seem worth while hanging anyone.

There were a great number of suicides.

Within an hour of the blast we saw one woman throw her child out of a high window in the Lincoln Hotel, stand naked for an instant on the parapet, and then follow her child in a head-first dive. Most suicides, however, were on the fashionable upper East Side — the working poor being more able to stand disaster. Having so little, they had little to lose.

Cafe society, the least stable element, was the hardest hit.

Forced by curiosity and the knowledge that the longer we waited the harder it would be to go out, we made our way down the stairs from our eleventh-floor apartment to the street.

I had often called dwellers in apartment houses "troglodytes," and I remember thinking how right I had been as we climbed down the concrete stairs and crossed the paved passages that divided one flight from the next, pausing to rest and to listen to the strange sounds we heard.

There was some drunken singing, the sound of quarrels, a hysterical woman blaming her husband for what had happened and asking him why he did not do something about it. He did. He struck her: she fell down and got up screaming she'd "have the law on him for that"; at which he laughed and she burst out crying loudly because now there was no law.

On another floor people were having a prayer meeting and singing hymns. There was no one in the office, and the lobby was deserted.

We went into the street and found it empty. It was rather like a Sunday afternoon with everyone away, or a Saturday—a week-end—because a car was being loaded with things from a house almost opposite the hotel entrance.

I had with me a heavy blackthorn stick that I always carry on account of the lameness caused by an old wound, and since we had money with us we thought we might as well go up to the corner and see if we could buy more food.

Obviously, money was no good any more, but there was the possibility the grocer would not have come to that conclusion yet; he might not have had the sense to load up his stock and take it home with him.

This guess proved to be right, and we were able to buy fifty dollars' worth of canned goods: sardines, herrings, salmon, tuna fish and potted meat. We obtained a gunny-sack and staggered back with our wealth—for that is what it was at the new rate of exchange.

America was about to take over from starving and liberated Europe, where a cake of soap or a bar of chocolate was the price of what had once been called a woman's honor. What I had bought with fifty dollars would, the previous day, have cost about twelve dollars, and five years before that about five dollars.

Carrying a sack of groceries up eleven floors is not an easy job for a lame man who has led a sedentary life for ten years. Now, though I am seventy, I could carry double that amount without a pause or even any loss of breath.

But I am much stronger than I was then, the vicissitudes I have passed through having tempered and strengthened my muscles. Though I am amazed at my own agility and powers, I sometimes think that the presence of so much radioactivity in the soil of the vicinity may have something to do with it.

Once one has acquired some kind of immunity to its dangers, one can perhaps benefit from its virtues.

But, as I was saying, we were confronted with the problem of getting this sack upstairs. I managed it eventually, carrying it on my back. For a change, I would try dragging it, and Mildred would pull on one corner like a willing but ineffective ant.

We were, however, delighted by our prize, and very glad to get home with it safely.

There had been one or two disquieting incidents: A pawnbroker's on Eighth Avenue had been broken into; cheap rings and trinkets were scattered on the pavement, and a smashed safe lay on the doorstep. The three golden balls of the pawnbroker's sign lay beside it, a curious end for this heraldic symbol of the Medici.

It's funny how pleased I am to remember an irrelevant detail like that. Others, too, come back.

There was the body of a man—his head had been bashed in—lying in the gutter on the corner of 45th Street, opposite a liquor store which had been raided and was now empty.

Please turn to page 26

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"This place is called 'Lovers' Cove.' It's a swell place to fish except on Sunday afternoons."

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No matter what you use to clean pots and pans, you must have Vim with its added cleansing power. Vim puts a cushion of hard-working, dirt-removing particles between the caked-on food and your pot-cleaner or cloth. Sprinkle . . . rub . . . rinse—and, hey, presto, your pan looks like new!

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Here are three specially selected gift books for girls from 10 to 18 . . .

PIONEER SHACK

A new book by Dora Birtles, celebrated authoress of the famous Australian novel, "The Overlanders." "Pioneer Shack" is a juvenile story that is rich in incident and humour—a graphic depiction of the younger members of a typical Australian family. 7/6

LESLIE WINS THROUGH

Young readers will love Anne Chesney's vivid and exciting pictures of school life. The mystery of the missing exam papers, which brings poor Leslie into such serious trouble, is cleared up with a totally unexpected ending. 6/6

FOUR WINDS AND A FAMILY

By Dymphna Cusack and Florence James, profusely illustrated by Nan Knowles. This charming story captures the imaginative world of children where everyday things have an aspect that grown-ups have forgotten. 7/6

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

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WHEN A ROYAL MAIDEN MARRIES

★ Behind the pomp and ceremony of the marriage of Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten is the work of thousands of people who have had a hand in the preparations. Many of them, including the staff at Britain's only silkworm farm at Lullingstone Castle, Kent, have worked overtime so that whatever they were engaged on would be ready when it was wanted. From the boys who polished the harness of the State coaches under the eagle eyes of the coachmen to the dressmakers guarding jealously the secrets of the wedding gown, all have put their good wishes into their work.

BOYS OF THE ABBEY CHOIR SCHOOL at Westminster Abbey being rehearsed in music for the wedding by the Westminster organist, Dr. William Neil McKie. The choir of Westminster Abbey consists of 12 men and 22 boys. It will be augmented for the occasion by more boys. St. George's Chapel, Windsor, has been asked to send some choristers to the Abbey.

BOW ROOM, facing the grand entrance at the Palace, is prepared for guests to assemble for the reception. Windows look over the garden terrace.

GLASS STATE COACH is polished to bring bridal pair from the Abbey to Buckingham Palace. In background is Irish State Coach, in which the King and Princess will travel to Abbey

LULLINGSTONE CASTLE, Kent, where the 20 pounds of raw silk for the Princess' train was produced.

ROYAL GREYS, Tedder and Cumin[illegible] State Coach, have [illegible]

SILK FOR TRAIN of wedding gown took five days and five nights to process at silkworm farm at Lullingstone Castle, Kent. Cocoons (on left) were boiled and cleaned, and the skeins of raw silk washed and wound and then dried (right).

ZOE, LADY HART-DYKE, who owns Lullingstone Castle, and who founded its silk industry, shows some of its products.

SEAMSTRESSES in a French fashion house work with [illegible] superb pink satin negligee which is their gift to the Prin[illegible] her in a box made of the same satin. She will [illegible]

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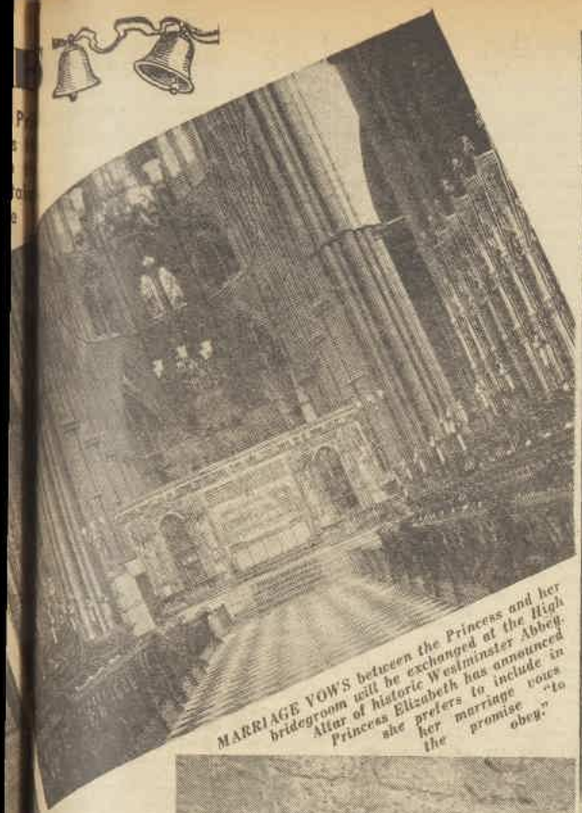


MARRIAGE VOWS between the Princess and her bridegroom will be exchanged at the High Altar of historic Westminster Abbey. Princess Elizabeth has announced she prefers to include in her marriage vows the promise "to obey."

PRINCESS ELIZABETH in the glass State coach in which she will drive from the Abbey after her marriage to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten.

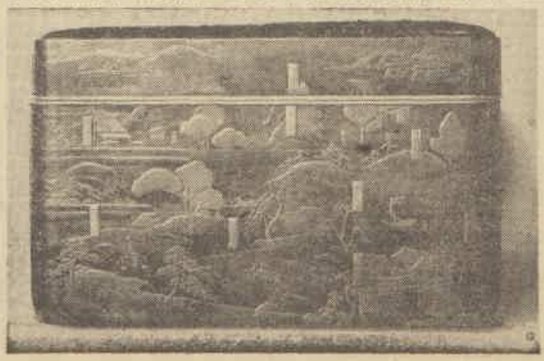
...ham, who drew Glass ...e grooming.

ASSISTING WITH THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY will be the Dean of Westminster, Rev. A. Campbell Don.

AUSTRALIAN-BORN DR. WILLIAM NEIL McKIE, organist of Westminster Abbey and Master of Choristers since 1941

PARASOL of black lace is being presented to the Princess. The handle is of plastic mounted in gold with an A.T.S. badge and a tiny model of H.M.S. Valiant, in which the bridegroom served in the Battle of Matapan.

...e fingers to finish this ... It will be sent to ...gers to match.



EXQUISITE gold lacquered jewellery box is gift of the B.C.O.F. in Japan. It is 300 years old, took 10 years to make, and can never be copied. Was made by ancestors of the Nishimuras, owners of the famed lacquer house. Design shows typical scenes of 53 stations on the old road from Kyoto to Tokio.

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The Blast

Continued from page 23

As we were getting our stuff in the grocery store, a girl ran screaming past us pursued by a gang of young hooligans. I judged from the noise that followed that they must have attacked her in the next block.

It was this incident which decided me to cut off Mildred's hair (she wore it long, more than shoulder-length) and make her dress in dungarees. With short hair, dungarees, and a dirty face, she would pass for a youngish, rather queer-looking boy, but everyone looked queer now and she would certainly be safer.

We lay low for a few days. This was the time that the sediment of the underworld rose to the surface and took over. The streets were the scene of unrestricted pillage, murder and gang warfare were raging. From our roof we saw some amazing sights. But by degrees, in a matter or four or five days, things improved.

My friend the manager told me that he had heard that the city was full of wounded and crazed people. He asked if I had seen any and I said no. He said they were flooding up Lexington and Park Avenues. He told me more of the exodus, of how the routes out of the city were packed with refugees in cars and on foot.

The police were making no effort to control them, since control was impossible. But what could they have done, anyway? Given tickets? Made arrests?

Broken cars were jamming the roads. People were being run down and robbed, girls abducted; other people were jumping off bridges and out of windows. But still they were moving outward like the spokes running from the shattered hub of a wheel.

He asked me what I was going to do. I said I was going to stay. He asked me what I thought he should do, and I advised him to stay, too. I told him that in my opinion the people who were running off into the country were making a great mistake, but that the more of them that went, the better it would be for us.

Though my memory of the sequence of events that followed is somewhat confused, certain incidents stand out very clearly, the first among them being the destruction of our pets when there was no longer any food for them.

This was a very difficult thing to do, especially in the case of the dog. Killing a dog is a form of murder.

Dogs have been associated with man for so long, a million years, perhaps, that they no longer, in the full sense, count as animals; they are extensions of man, inventions of man like the spinning jenny, the Queen Mary, and the atomic bomb.

Breeding livestock has always interested me, and I have learned a great deal about it since I have lived alone in the world with animals.

Domestic dogs, as we knew them, were bred by continually discarding dogs that were not tractable, but my dogs now are bred two ways: The dogs of my hunting pack, which have been bred for strength and courage alone, would be capable of pulling me down if they were really starving, while my personal dogs are almost human, having been bred for both brains and courage.

In taming any animal, you must replace the mother of the young animal so that it fixes its affection on you instead of on its dam; or, in the case of animals that hunt in packs, you must become the leader of the pack, set it on to find game.

This is what I do when I hunt with my hounds. Though I carry a rifle, a knife, and a pistol, I would not try to handle my pack without a bull whip and a short club.

Every now and then a young dog, never a bitch, challenges me. Weighing as much as or more than I do, he might pull me down if I were not ready for him.

On one occasion I killed—with my bare hands—a dog that weighed two hundred and five pounds (I had the curiosity to weigh him). His name was Racketeer and if I remember rightly his breeding was Great Dane, police dog, Saint Bernard, and Afghan.

My dogs were named, as fox-hounds are, with names that are easy to call, such as Boxer, Lavender, Sailor, Tinker, Rover, Red Boy, Spot, Foxy, Fiddler.

Racketeer was a lovely beast, but suddenly he challenged me. I had put the pack on to a bear spoor. It was spring, and the spoor was very clear in the moist ground, but Racketeer wanted to follow a lynx.

When I began to whip him off—this was before I carried a club—he turned on me, while the pack waited to see which would be master. I saw him crouch for the jump, and as he leaped for my throat I struck him straight in the nose with my fist.

As he fell I jumped on him; leaping into the air, I brought both feet down on him, smashing his ribs. Then I raised him in my arms and threw him back to the waiting pack, who broke him up, leaving nothing of him but the skull.

I relate this incident to show the association I had with dogs and to suggest the relationship between man and his servants and to demonstrate how they at times attempt to master him, be they animals or engines.

This struggle is certain; it happens with every horse, with every dog, with every woman. It is the "showdown," and the one who loses might as well be dead—a moral that all husbands should take to heart if there are any husbands left alive, for there is no animal so dangerous as a woman, even a small good woman with a heart of gold.

But to return to those first months after the blast.

During this period the destroyed part of the city was walled off, the rubble of the fallen buildings being used to close off the streets. It made me think of the walled-off ghettos of the German occupation in Poland, and of the way situations tended to repeat themselves, death being enclosed by walls in both cases.

It was a defence mechanism on our part against the knowledge that death had us hemmed, walled in, and was one of our final tributes to complacency, to the idea that if we could not see a thing we stopped it existing.

See no evil, speak no evil, hear no evil, the three monkeys said. But you could not help smelling it.

All over the city there was a stench of death in the air. But even this we got used to.

Order, as I say, had been for a while somewhat restored, and a few minimum services functioned, but everything worked on a kind of reflex.

Policemen remained policemen because it was their habit and they did not know what else to do; for a few days garbage collectors still collected garbage for the same reason. But there was neither credit nor currency, central authority having disappeared.

Local State currency was stamped out of what metals were available, but no one would accept it, and so all public servants were paid in food from the stock that was available in the city warehouses, a system that obviously could not continue for long, and didn't.

There were amazing tales of the fights put up by farmers against the influx of city dwellers who had run out of the metropolis and had flung themselves upon anything edible in the country—a swarm of human locusts that the country people resisted in every manner possible. There was a pitched battle on the Canadian border in the vicinity of Niagara Falls.

The Canadians appeared to be a little better off than we were, having retained their central government, and they used troops to turn back the unwelcome thousands, many of whom had known the Falls only as a honeymoon resort.

We got the story from one of the survivors and his wife. She was a lovely blonde night-club singer who now looked like an old and shrunken woman; he had played a hot trumpet and was at one time internationally famous through his recordings.

I recall the incident because, despite everything, he had held on to the silver trumpet that had made him famous—a remarkable young man who no doubt died with a final toot of his instrument, a single note announcing his departure from this earth and his entry into Heaven.

All this took place in the first few months. I was proved to have been wise in my decision to stay in New York; there was more food here than in the country.

Mildred was in no danger now as a woman, having, like all other surviving women, lost any visible sexual charm which she had ever had, near starvation having reduced the sexual curves that characterise women.

In any case, the sex fiends, who had run riot in the early days, raping and murdering, had either been eliminated or had been reduced by the food shortages to seeking nourishment rather than other satisfactions.

For a change we used to fish in Central Park. Mildred, being better at it than I, would watch her float while I stood guard with the rifle. We cooked out on the roof where, when first we had taken the apartment, I had built a little barbecue.

Water was now obtained with difficulty. Some we brought from Central Park, some we collected by damming up a section of our roof. The best came from a system I devised for leading rain water from the roof above us into our bath by means of a canvas fire hose. All water had to be boiled.

At this time there were very few people left in the city—only a few thousand—because everything had broken down with the breakdown of credit.

People simply would not work without money. They were not even ready to save their lives by co-operative effort. So deeply had our competitive system bitten into us that they preferred to sit around and starve, or else they ran away and starved—except the few who, like ourselves, lived on what they could find or loot from the stores.

The word "loot" persists, though obviously it was no longer looting. It remained, however, an operation of some danger because of the darkness of the stores and the maniacs who had taken up their abode in many of them—savages who resented any intrusion into their territory.

I remember one man that I shot at Gimbel's while Mildred held the flashlight on him.

He was an immense man who ran at us roaring with rage as he brandished a meat cleaver. We had gone to Gimbel's for caviare and pate de foie gras. They had a lot of it, for apparently the other looters, having less sophisticated tastes than ours, left it alone.

For anyone who liked adventure I suppose this would have been very interesting, but to us who had become almost sedentary and were quite unaccustomed to swift movement, hard living, or even loud noises, the adjustment was most difficult.

Yet in this twilight world we succeeded in living and forming a pattern of life, even remembering the days with some semblance of accuracy.

I, who had always hated a schedule of any kind, now invented one. Monday: Central Park, fishing; Wednesday and Friday: food-looting expeditions.

Inevitably, though, the human instinct being what it is, more was collected than food. We found some beautiful fur coats—stone-marten, blue mink, Russian sable, and ermine. The ermine came in very handy for winter hunting in the snow. We picked up some wonderful diamond rings of fifteen or twenty carats, ruby clips, necklaces and bracelets.

We both looked like pirates. We were far from clean but we were dressed in suede, silk, and satin; we wore rare fur coats from which I had cut the arms to give greater freedom. We had silk sashes round our waists, carried an arsenal of daggers and pistols, and over our shoulders were slung the best guns that the gun-shops of New York could provide.

We had begun by this time to collect our big dogs. We needed them for protection and hunting. In the beginning we had a boxer and a police dog. We hunted other dogs to feed on.

The transition of my wife from a charming, rather fastidious young American girl to a primeval savage was most interesting. She soon learned to use a knife and to skin an animal as well as I did. She was never a good shot, having difficulty in closing her left eye.

I told her that if anyone attacked, she was to wait till he was right on her, then push the muzzle of the pistol into his stomach—she would feel it go in—and then continue pulling the trigger till she passed out.

No girl could have had better instructions. Fortunately, she never had to follow them.

The only near disaster occurred once when I was some distance away, but her assailant was pulled down by the dogs.

Please turn to page 28

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Beauty Blurred

Dry, scaly dead skin cells may make your skin seem coarse . . . keep powder from going on smoothly. Stubborn specks of imbedded dirt may give your face a drab, half-clean look.

The Mask

—a grand, quick "pick-me-up" for your face—gets results in 60 seconds flat. It's the new way to use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Cover your chin, cheeks, forehead—all but eyes—with a snowy mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. After just one minute, tissue off—and *see* and *feel* the difference!

Thrilling Effect

Thrilling effect of the 1-Minute Mask! The special "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream has loosened and dissolved the scaly chappings and dirt particles which blurred your complexion. It looks softer, finer—even lighter. Make-up smooths on—clings!

Look lovelier in 60 seconds with Pond's Vanishing Cream

"My Beauty Pick-up" MRS. ROBERT BACON WHITNEY.

A favourite with New York and Long Island Society, Mrs. Whitney says: "When my skin seems the least bit rough or dull, I give my face a quick beauty 'pick-up' with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Right away my skin feels smoother—and looks so much clearer and brighter."

1-Minute Mask

Think of it! We don't ask you to wait for a week to see results! Not even a day! Not an hour! Be as impatient as you like to look more beautiful! In 60 seconds from the time you put on this new Pond's Vanishing Cream Mask, you'll be able to see the difference for yourself!

Just smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream in a thick white mask over whole face—except eyes.

Relax and leave this cool, fragrant mask on for one full minute. The special "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream gently loosens and dissolves the dried surface cells and dirt particles on your skin.

After one minute—no need to wait any longer—tissue off, clean. You'll adore the fresher, softer look of your skin!

Keeps Make-up At Its Loveliest

Pond's Vanishing Cream is a grand powder base, too! Always smooth on a protective film of this fragrant, gossamer-light cream before you powder. Not greasy, not dry, Pond's Vanishing Cream keeps your make-up at its loveliest for hours.

Always before special dates, and regularly 3 or 4 times a week, treat your skin to the thrilling effects of this new sensational 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Complete Complexion Care

POND'S VANISHING CREAM—powder base and skin softener.
POND'S COLD CREAM—thorough skin cleanser and freshener.

At all chemists, chain and departmental stores in large or small jars for your dressing table or convenient handbag-size tubes. It's more economical to buy the large jars.

You can apply a 1-Minute Mask at work.

It's 3.30! The boss has just walked out. You've got a date at 3.45. But you've still got time for a Pond's 1-Minute Mask right there at your desk, or in the rest room.

Go straight from your desk to your date tonight with a complexion that looks even softer and fresher than when you left home this morning—thanks to Pond's 1-Minute Mask!

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The Blast

Continued from page 26

By the time I arrived on the scene, the man who had approached Mildred was dead. This reassured me because I had not been, until that moment, quite certain how the dogs would act, as they were young and unused to dangerous work.

This was about the time that we heard the first stories of the Red Death, the strange dancing disease that was, according to the information we had, sweeping not only the country, but the world. We soon saw evidences of it. In fact, one of these dancers was the second man our dogs killed.

The disease was contagious. The first symptom was the appearance of great health and gaiety, which was followed by a mad happiness; we would see rosy-faced couples dancing and singing in the streets as the disease began to spread.

In the later phase, the victim either fell into a coma or attacked anyone in the vicinity without warning.

This is what happened one evening as we were about to cross Sixth Avenue: a man and a woman suddenly appeared and began pirouetting and jitterbugging.

I hoped they would pay no attention to us, but the man saw us. I knew that we were in for trouble, for he suddenly got beyond the happy stage and became murderous. He reached me with incredible speed and had me down before I could do anything to defend myself.

But as he gripped me, my wife fired three shots into him from her .38 and the dogs attacked him, the boxer grasping his thigh and the police dog his shoulder. They knocked him on to his back and quickly finished him off.

I picked up the sack I had been carrying and felt very shaken, for I was certain I had been contaminated, and now had to work out plans for a method of restraint that my wife could use which would prevent my hurting her when I reached the paroxysms of fury that were the final symptoms of the disease.

I had my own theory and was certain that if she did not touch me she would be all right.

Naturally, no one knew much about the disease, but I had the idea that with restraint there was the possibility of survival, death occurring through the berserk rage, which had the effect of burning up the victim.

I therefore conceived the plan of going to the local police station—we had dumped our sack of loot—and getting a pair of handcuffs and some chains. The incubation period was said to be a week, but to take no chances I found a ring-bolt, fastened it in the floor of the apartment, and attached the chain and handcuffs to it at once.

All I had to do now, the minute I got the first symptoms, the feeling of joy and the flush that went with it, was to handcuff myself and then hope for the best. I told Mildred of this plan and gave her her instructions. She was to keep out of my reach, give me no food but plenty of water.

This she was to put in a tin measuring-cup and push into my reach with a long stick.

The precautions I had taken frightened my wife, and I had to spend the next few days reassuring her, telling her that there was nothing to fear and that it was all done "just in case."

For my own part, I was certain that I could not have failed to contract the disease, and so we spent our time hunting furiously for more canned provisions and collecting a reserve of wood and water.

I also obtained more ammunition for the shotgun, because this was the best weapon for Mildred: a scatter-gun to point in the general direction of anything that frightened her was more likely to be of use than any other gun except a blunderbuss.

What follows is all that I can remember of the days that ensued.

I do not actually remember them at all and have reconstructed the story from what I remember of what Mildred told me when it was over—so there is a double twist, as it were, to the evidence, which must make it suspect to those who doubt anything but what they call fact.

It seems, according to what Mildred said, that on the seventh day — our guess about the incubation period had apparently been right — I woke in great form in the morning and began to sing opera. The remarkable thing was that I sang in tune, which was extraordinary, for I have no ear for music. This proved that I was ill.

With expanded chest and wide-open mouth I stood on the roof singing to the silent city.

Then I dressed, putting on a brown suit with a white pin-stripe. I also put on my gaudiest tie, one that I had bought when we were working in Hollywood. It was a red-white-and-green affair made of silk, hand-blocked, and about a foot wide at the wide end. I had never dared to wear it before.

I then danced all by myself, tripping lightly up and down to unheard music, and then undressed and broke into a series of Zulu war dances.

At this moment some glimmering of sanity must have returned to me, because Mildred said I covered my face with my hands and burst into tears; when the paroxysm was over I picked up the handcuffs, clipped them over my wrists, and lay down like a chained dog to sleep.

What came next must have been completely terrifying for my wife.

I am a big man, six feet two, and I weighed two hundred pounds. Having slept for some hours, I woke in the fury that is the secondary symptom of the disease.

Being a trained artist and interested in animal psychology, Mildred noted the symptoms carefully, and if I get them wrong it will be due to my faulty memory rather than to her incorrect reporting. Having circled the room to test the length of my chain, I crouched on my haunches like an animal and leaped at her.

Fortunately, the ring-bolt held and I was dragged back, being pulled on to my shoulders and falling on my back with my handcuffed hands between my legs. This seemed to have knocked me out for a moment, but I was only playing possum. Forgetting what I had told her, and with a wife's instinct of solicitude, she came to see if I were hurt.

In a second I was up, and raising my manacled hands I swung them down at her head in an attempt to stun her. She jumped back just in time and then decided to obey the instructions I had given her. Fetching a tin cup full of water, she pushed it into my reach with the tip of a jointed fishing-rod.

I seized it and tried to draw her to me, but the tip came off in my hand.

For ten days I remained in alternating states of animal fury and animal sleep. The sitting-room resembled the den of a beast.

Filthy, naked except for a blanket that I used not for modesty but for warmth, I growled and sulked, wringing my fingers and licking my wrists where the steel had bitten into the flesh and worn away the skin so that it was a ring of festering sores.

I drank quantities of water, cup after cup, and each time I had done so I threw the cup at Mildred's head with a clumsy, two-handed throw.

My ribs stood out in arcs about my chest, my stomach was sunken, my eyes stared wildly; my whole skin was pink shading into red, almost scarlet; while my face and neck, in contrast to the rest of my body, were swollen, apparently suffused with blood to the point where I was unrecognisable.

For some reason, the sebaceous glands were stimulated by the fever, and hair grew in great profusion all over my body. I still have it and am often glad of it in the winter, though now I look like an old silver-grey gorilla.

This, then, is the story of my illness as reported by my wife and as I remember it.

On the eleventh day it ended as suddenly as it had begun. My face was now white with illness; my eyes, no longer dilated, were sunken; and, instead of having the strength of ten, I could hardly lift my hands to my head. The fever had burned itself out, and I was alive.

That was my first conscious thought. I was rational.

I said, "I think it's over."

Mildred said "Yes," and burst into tears.

I said, "You can let me go now," and for a while it seemed doubtful that she would be able to, because she had put the handcuff key away so safely that she could not remember where it was. She found it at last in an empty flower-vase.

A period of convalescence and reflection followed. It is easy to reflect when one is ill; there is nothing else to do. Our reserves of food being ample, we just sat round and talked.

The ten days of my illness had been notable for the final evacuation of the hotel. As far as we knew, we were now the only people in it. The manager had decided to go with his wife and son to upper New York State.

But my mind kept going back to the atomic bomb and what we had been told about it. That it wasn't so bad as it was supposed to be; that at Bikini some trees had been left standing.

Well, the world was still full of trees. Ignorant and rapacious men had brought this disaster about by their ignorance and rapacity. Because of them I was covered with hair like a monkey.

Because of them the world was coming to an end and five thousand years—the twinkling of an eye to the Almighty God or to a geologist, but a long time for all that—had gone for nothing.

I was now the most intelligent man in the world. I knew answers that should have beeen obvious by implication to everyone when the first bomb burst in the New Mexican desert. I had survived the Red Death by a miracle and was therefore even more special, because a lot of people had survived the blast, but, so far as I knew, I was the only man to recover from the plague.

It was like being top of the class in school; like being the blue-eyed boy of the kindergarten. If among the blind, the one-eyed man was king, among the dead the one survivor was emperor—Emperor of Nothing.

The bombs used in Japan or even at Bikini had been primitive affairs—infant bombs, as it were, children's firecrackers. It did not seem to have occurred to our leaders, rulers, legislators, soldiers and sailors that bombs could be improved by other people, too—that a bomb might be made a thousand times more powerful and a hundred times as small.

All that came out of this period of reflection, during which I regained some measure of my strength, was the certainty that what had been wrong with us was nothing but stupidity.

We had been too stupid to be afraid, or too afraid to acknowledge our fear. It seemed to me then that what we needed was not a world of brave men, but one of cowards. If only all men had been brave enough to be afraid, there would have been no war or danger of it.

Courage in young men — and beauty in young women—are two things to which we attribute too much virtue, both being much commoner than generally supposed, and dependent on breeding, diet, and glands.

I have bred courageous dogs; there would have been no difficulty in establishing a breed of beautiful girls. They might have been rather silly, but beautiful girls have always had this tendency. It would only have fixed their beauty, as I fixed courage by selective in-breeding in my dogs.

It might even have been possible to breed the girls mute. Then their dumbness would not have mattered.

I remember even now how Mildred and I tried to joke and make a play upon words, realising that we must not lose our means of communication by neglecting word values and the finer shades of meaning.

Provided we kept our vocabulary, we should remain human and probably remain sane.

I detail these discussions because they come back to me as if they had occurred only yesterday. They were our last talks together and typical of those we had had for many years, talk and ideas being the essence of all that makes man man. Even the atomic bombs began as talk.

To be concluded

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Continuing . . . Enchanted

from page 11

HAROLD'S alarmed voice came down to them from the top of the stairs: "Listen, I'm taking the car myself. I've got to call for Janet Carson, and you know it, Dawn. Dad knows it, too."

"That's so, Dawn," said her father with a certain smugness. "Afraid you and Basil will have to walk."

"Walk—to a dance!" Dawn gasped.

"It's only a mile or so. Great Caesar! Have young people lost their legs? Or you can tell Basil to get a taxi."

"Father! I couldn't do that. I've told him we can take our car. I didn't think you'd let me down. I depended on you, Daddy!"

Mr. Hammond snorted. Harold, who had now descended the stairs, said in a falsetto voice: "Oh, deah, deah, deah!"

But mother raised her hand quickly. She had been watching Dawn's face with pity in her eyes.

"Harold," she said quietly, "suppose you take Janet in a taxi? I'll give you the money."

"But, Mum, why do I have to knuckle under to that—that big——" in a shaking voice.

"Harold!" Mrs. Hammond spoke in a quiet voice, but it had never failed to quell the storm.

"All right," said Harold, admiring himself in the hall mirror. "And don't forget I have to tip the driver."

When Dawn had disappeared up the stairs Mr. Hammond looked at Mrs. Hammond. "You spoil her," he said, but gently.

Mrs. Hammond looked at her plate, a far-away look. "It's hard," she murmured, "to be enchanted when everyone else is sane."

"We know what was the matter with the other car," Bun murmured.

"What other car?" asked Mr. Hammond.

"Basil Orteo's aunt's car. The small one. We know Patrick, the chauffeur. When we were over there, just before he drove Mrs. Orteo to a party, he let some air out of one tyre of the little car. We saw him. I don't think," said Bun dreamily, "Patrick likes Basil. Much."

Mr. Hammond said nothing for a long time. But finally he asked whether the small car had a spare tyre.

"Oh, yes," said Bun. "May we be excused?"

"With pleasure," said the twins' father. He finished his meal in silence. In his eye was a small but growing glitter. The doorbell rang. They heard Dawn running lightly down the stairs, they heard the note in her voice that twisted their hearts.

She came to the door of the dining-room, and looked at them radiantly. "'Bye, darlings," she said.

When they heard the front door close, Father looked at Mother. "I don't like that," he said. "There ought to be something a parent can do!"

"I'm afraid not. Not these days. We've forgotten how to say 'No.' And there aren't any rules, and we've handed them the open road."

They were pleasantly sleepy when the telephone rang. Mrs. Hammond turned away from the telephone to say it was the Perrys.

"They're going over to watch the dancing, and they want us to go with them. I don't suppose you want to?"

He started to shake his head, then to her surprise he suddenly said he didn't mind. "It might be worth while," he said thoughtfully.

When the Perrys and Mr. and Mrs. Hammond got to the dance the orchestra was playing a rhumba. A few bars of this had driven from the floor the older, the stouter, and those with a prejudice against exotic dancing. It had left on the floor the young and beautiful, the unself-conscious, and one couple who really knew how to dance the rhumba, Basil and Mrs. Charlie Wentworth.

"Why, look, there's Basil," whispered Mrs. Hammond to Mr. Hammond. "I wonder where Dawn is."

"On the verandah," said Mr. Hammond, in a non-committal voice.

On the verandah most certainly was Dawn. She was doing the rhumba with Slim Byrnes.

Mrs. Hammond gazed curiously at her daughter. Anyone but herself would have thought that Dawn was having a wonderful time. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright. She laughed more than usual. But her mother wondered.

The rhumba came to an end. Dawn's face lit up when she saw her mother. They found wicker chairs and sat down.

"I'm having a wonderful time," Dawn exclaimed.

Her eyes followed two slim backs—Elinor Wentworth's and Basil's—slowly disappearing towards the supper-room, where the younger-married crowd sat.

What had been wrong with the evening? Dawn wondered. When she and Basil had first got there she had felt marvellous.

She had seen at once that all the girls of her crowd wanted to make an impression on Basil. It was a little different with the boys who, when introduced to Basil, nodded briefly and quickly went somewhere else. They even acted as if she were a stranger, but it really had not mattered much.

Then the young-married crowd had begun to arrive.

Sitting now beside her mother, Dawn was glad her parents had not been present at that stage of the party. For the young-married crowd had pounced on Basil and ignored her. One would have thought it was they who had brought Basil to the club. Especially Elinor Wentworth.

Basil couldn't help it. "Sweet, do forgive me," he had whispered to her. "These people are friends of my aunt. You understand?"

"Of course! It's all right." Dawn had said earnestly.

"Good! And we'll go home early, yes? We'll drive in the moonlight, and I'll have you all to myself? Sweet kid."

Of course, it had been a little embarrassing to have to spend so much time in the dressing-room while Basil was being made much of. It had been especially annoying to run into Steve just outside the dressing-room door.

She had danced with Steve, Billy and Nick and Sherman, and the Foster boys. And past their shoulders her eyes had wandered, searching for Basil Orteo.

Well, it had been a queer dance. She had been like two persons, one so much too young, and the other holding a door open, waiting. Waiting to find out whether she was in love, at last?

But I am. I must be, she thought. "Did you say something, Mother?"

"Darling, I've asked you twice where your father went. You must be tired. You won't stay much later, will you? After all, Elinor Wentworth and her crowd have gone—"

Her voice died, for Dawn suddenly came to life. Basil Orteo was making his way across the floor toward them. He bent over Mrs. Hammond's hand; with the most beautiful courtesy he asked if she would dance? Mrs. Hammond shook her head.

"I'm afraid I couldn't do justice to you, Basil," she smiled. "And I see the Perrys are waiting for me. Don't be too late, will you, Dawn? Good-night, Basil." She had gone.

Basil put his arm through Dawn's. "Shall we slip away now? There are too many people," he murmured.

"Oh, yes," breathed Dawn. "I'll get my wrap."

They were just getting into the car when Mr. Hammond stepped out of the darkness.

"Better take the River Road," he said mildly. "It's a longer drive home, but I've heard there's an accident on the upper road and they've roped it off."

"Right! Thanks, sir. Would you like to come with us?" Basil was always polite.

"Thanks, no. Steve is taking me with him. Better let Dawn drive, she knows the roads. Mind you drive slowly, Dawn."

Dawn slid under the steering wheel. "Don't worry, Daddy. We'll crawl, simply crawl."

They were off. Mr. Hammond strolled back to where Steve waited. They got into Steve's car. They sat in silence for a while. Then Mr. Hammond said: "Do you feel rather a low character, Steve?"

"Well, yes and no. Do you, Mr. Hammond?"

"No," said Mr. Hammond.

"Well, anyway, you needn't worry. They'll drive slow," said Steve bitterly. "And it's a very slow leak."

"Right," said Mr. Hammond, lighting a cigar.

The River Road was marvellous. Patches of bright silver moonlight and deep bands of velvety shadow, long wooded stretches on one hand and the river on the other.

"Happy?" murmured Basil, laying his hand over hers on the wheel.

"Yes," said Dawn, and faintly: "Goodness, does this car seem to you bumpy?"

"I haven't been thinking about the car. I've been thinking about—"

She gave a moan of despair. "Can you believe it! We've got a flat tyre!"

They got out and looked. The left rear rim was practically on the pavement.

"It's all right," Dawn said. "The spare is full, and the tools are all here. I'll help, Basil——"

"Don't be impossible," he said.

She turned around quickly and looked at him in amazement. "But what else can we do? We've got to get home, Basil."

"We can wait until someone comes along, can't we?"

She stood still, with the jack in one hand, and stared at him. "But if someone does come, what then? You mean," she said slowly, "you would ask someone to get out of his car and change the tyre for us?"

"Why not?"

"But I would hate that," she said. "If I was alone, that would be different. But I'm not alone," she added.

"Wait, I have an idea," he cried out, and his face stopped being sulky. "See, you stand just as you are, with the jack in your hand—— No, come up a little farther into the lights, so that when the next car comes along they'll see you."

"And where will you be, Basil?"

He waved an arm toward the woods nearby. "I'll be over there, darling. Invisible!" He laughed.

"Invisible?" she echoed, in a voice so small and dead it was scarcely audible. "And I'll be a—decoy? Just so that you won't have to change a tyre?"

He held up a warning hand. "Quick! There's a car coming. Darling, this is fun, don't you see? Stay where you are."

He leaped across the ditch and disappeared. He scarcely made a sound.

Dawn shrank back, trying to hide herself. But the approaching car slowed and stopped. Her father leaned out. "Trouble?" he called.

She tried to laugh. "We've got a flat tyre, Daddy."

Steve backed his car to the side of the road and put on the brake. He folded his coat over the door of the car and came up.

"Where's Basil?" he asked.

She longed to lie down in the roadside grass and simply die. In spite of herself her eyes went toward the side of the road, and her lips quivered. Mr. Hammond and Steve looked at each other.

"Extraordinary," muttered Mr. Hammond.

STEVE moved towards the woods. Looking over his shoulder, he said, "Oh, it's done sometimes. I'll bring him back."

But Mr. Hammond was looking at his daughter's face. "No, I wouldn't do that, Steve," he said. "You and I will change this tyre."

He took the jack from Dawn's frozen grasp and patted her shoulder. "It's just one of those things, chickadee. Forget it. Go and sit in Steve's car."

Against the familiar worn leather of Steve's car she tried to relax. Humiliation and disillusionment and anger flooded through her.

"I shall never be the same again," she mourned. "I shall remember this until I'm old. I'll grow hard and cynical, probably, and I'll never love anyone, never."

She could weep now, healing tears. By the time Steve got into his car and started the engine, she was merely sniffing quietly. "Where's Daddy?" she asked in a small, tired voice.

"Sitting in his car, waiting for Basil to come to light. I'm taking you home, kid. Mind?"

She did not mind. She felt an enormous relief. It had been quite a strain, living up to Basil. She moved closer to Steve and made her head comfortable in its accustomed spot against the seat back. A curl tumbled down across her eyes. Far off a footstep crackled. Its echo was in her heart, the last twinge of something lost, unmourned but hurting.

Her hand curled under Steve's arm.

"I'm hungry," she sighed.

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PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

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THE BLUNTS: *Oh, sweet Caroline!*

Weekly feature written and illustrated by JILL BLUNT

"Come out!" I hissed, and they came, dropping expertly from the tree.

"AN' listen, Jill, she's taller 'an me, an' she gave me half of her caramels, an' she's get perfick manners Julia says she was there first an' wouldn't have any lemonade or anyfink till the others came an' she can do peri an' plain an' she's going to do me a scarf for Christmas if her muvver lets her come down on Saturday an' . . ."

"Pull stop," I said. "Go back to the beginning."

"Well, I was jest telling you an' you're always saying why don't I ask somebody down to play an' stop mucking up Taffy's games an' I have; can she come an' can we have ice-cream with squashed passionfruit for pudding, because I told her we would because we do, don't we, every Saturday, Sweetie Pie?"

"Who is this heaven-blest Helen you're raving about?"

"Howjoo know her name?" he marvelled. "Only she's Caroline, an' Carol for short she said if I like, an' even Taffy likes her; hey, Taff!"

"Wot?"

"Isn't Caroline, you know, we met her at Julia's, isn't she charming?"

"Aw, she's orl roight!"

"Better than Louise?"

"Gee, I'll say. Jill, she's a reel decent sort, not sissy. She'd better come on Saturday to keep that little squid occupied, 'cause Gerald's comin' ter play French cricket with me an' Bobby." (So the feud was off.)

Came Saturday. Cockcrow, and the day was ushered in with a sound of woosh-wooshing. Now what could that be? Taffy clattered carefully through my room on his way to the bathroom.

"That mad dope's cleanin' 'is shoes; I'm gonner oil me bat if you'll gimme some oil."

"Well, tell Penny to go and clean his shoes down at the barbecue. He's driving me dotty."

"Sure." Exit Taffy.

Penny's scattered straw hair preceded him round the door. "You awake, darlin'?" he croaked. "No," I snapped.

"Sorry, bet I was just thinkink wot shirt will I wear for you know who?" He looked coy.

"Dear heaven!" I groaned, "how dare you wake me up with such footling nonsense. Wear a play-shirt. I will not get up and look for one, and if you muss up those drawers I'll ring Caroline's mother and put the whole thing off."

After that speech I buried my head under the covers, but this did nothing to muffle the violent sounds of large deep drawers being shoved in and out.

"Oh heck and jimminy and blast," I said to myself. "I might as well get up and feed the fiends."

Penny greeted me with a bow. He'd found a satisfactory costume and his hair was sloshed flat with his father's hair represser.

At breakfast he sat admiring his elegant hair-do in the round gleam of the teapot. He looked not unlike a well-groomed frog.

Oh Caroline! Sweet Caroline, what a femme fatale you must be. I could hardly wait.

At ten o'clock I gave the boys a note, reading: "One large block of ice-cream and 1/- worth of passion-fruit," and said, "You will meet Caroline at a quarter-past ten on the bus seat."

I waited with bated breath for their return. The iron gate wheezed, and I'm sure if Penny had had a cloak he'd have outshone Sir Walter Raleigh. Taffy brought up the rear rather decorously for him—and Caroline—tall, straight, and fair with two peaceful plaits and face and blouse fresh as a syringa flower.

But it was her beautiful voice that quite carried me away, sibilant yet gently trilling.

Penny was being most refined, describing the charms and surprises of the estate. Even Taffy guiltily replaced his missing "g's" from the ends of his participles and substituted "i" for "oi."

"This girl will be good for those boys," I murmured happily.

Caroline was . . . fresh as a syringa flower.

By four o'clock Caroline looked like a syringa flower that had weathered a typhoon. Penny kept rushing in to repeat the more salient titbits of her chatter; of how, when teetering round the edge of the pool, she'd fallen in. No, not in the water, only in the mud, because they'd emptied the pool to rescue Magnolia, "and do you know what she said?" Here our raconteur paused to laugh heartily. "She said, 'Oh, darn it!' "

Later I observed the three big boys each carrying a nosegay as if it were a dead rat. Surely, I marvelled, this lean little siren has bewitched them. Fascinated, I unashamedly eavesdropped.

"We gotter get some dough, see," Taffy told the other two, then looking at his bouquet in a nauseated fashion: "How much do you reckon we'll get for these? Bobby said he reckoned a penny each." "Aw, break it down," said Gerald. "I don't reckon we'll get anything." "Aw, they stink," snarled Taffy, flinging the sad flowers on to the path.

As though that were a signal they tore across the road and disappeared into Mrs. Tansy's loquat tree, only to discover that Penny and Caroline had got there first.

There was quite a scene among the agitated branches.

"Ya! We can stay 'ere if we like!" yelled Taffy.

Then I heard sweet Caroline, her precise melodious accents unruffled by the indignation she felt.

"You scram, Taffy Blunt, or I'll knock your block clean off!"

"Just try it on, it's not your tree."

"And it's not yours, either," I murmured sweetly. "Yow, cripes, and lummee," said the little voices.

"Come out!" I hissed, and they came, dropping expertly from the tree. "Now go and apologise to Mrs. Tansy."

Penny the diplomat suggested they sweeten the distasteful mission with a gift of flowers. Gloomily the procession halted to gather up the discarded blooms of an hour before, turned about, and slunk off, all except Caroline and Penny. They, it seems, had taken the precaution of saying "Please may we have a loquat?" and had been given the run of the tree.

While they were all seeing each other off at bus stops or over walls, I still puzzled over the incident of the flowers. Why were the tough guys picking flowers? They were not for Caroline. Why did they want money? And, if they did, why not come to me in the usual way?

Later I knew. I found a cricket ball and a lot of glass on the drawing-room floor, and no glass in one of the doors.

"Fee, fi, fo, fum!" I said, and hid the ball in a vase.

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● *Sooner or later most people find themselves either inviting others or being invited to a christening. I am often asked about procedure at the ceremony and at the party that usually follows it.*

HERE are some of the customs associated with the naming of a baby.

Children are usually christened when they are from six weeks to two months old, though there is no strict ruling on this.

Invitations to the christening may either be telephoned or written as an informal note. If the invitation is printed, replies should be worded in a similar way.

It is correct for guests to go straight to front pews and not to sit in scattered groups about the church.

When the minister asks for the baby's name, only the christian names are given.

It is usual for those invited to the christening to send the baby a gift a few days before. This may be a cheque, but the godparents, as a rule, give the baby a present which can be used when the child is older.

When no party is held, guests gather briefly in the vestibule of the church. At a party following a christening, the godfather proposes the baby's health, and the father replies.

Most people have a christening cake, and it is cut by the baby's mother.

* * *

"AT tennis the other day several of us were discussing wedding anniversaries. No one was certain about any except the very well-known ones such as the silver and diamond wedding. Could you publish a complete list?"

Specially named wedding anniversaries occur in the following order: The first is known as the cotton wedding; 3rd, leather; 5th, wooden; 10th, tin; 12th, silk and fine linen; 15th, crystal; 20th, china; 25th, silver; 30th, pearl; 40th, ruby; 50th, golden; and 60th, diamond.

"BOTH my husband and I have jobs, but in different towns. He wants me either to give up my business career altogether and keep house for him or take a job with less seniority so that we can be together. My idea in working where I am is to save money towards a home. What do you advise? I want him to be happy."

If you really have your husband's happiness at heart, you'll join him at once. Even the most successful business career is poor consolation for the loss of a wife. Naturally he wants you to be together, even if it means that you will have to wait a little longer before buying a home of your own. The very fact of having you with him will make up for any monetary loss.

* * *

"SHOULD I reply to the letter of thanks from someone to whom I forwarded a parcel by request?"

The note of thanks was a courtesy on their part; there is no need for you to reply to it.

"I AM in the awkward position of being an onlooker to a domestic triangle. As a friend of the married couple, should I give the wife a hint of what I know, or let her find out for herself? Relations between them have been strained for some time."

Have you thought that this present domestic crisis may wear itself out and pass if outsiders do not interfere? By speaking to the wife you will only be still further unsettling an already unsettled situation. There seems everything to gain and nothing to lose by continuing to be discreet just now.

Your motives may be the best in the world, but if you were indirectly responsible for the final breaking-up of a marriage which, had you kept silent, might have pulled through, you would always feel guilty about your part in it.

* * *

"I AM rather friendly with a young man of 22. I am 18. I have never asked him to my home, as I don't want to seem forward. Do you think he expects to be invited?"

The young man is the only one who can answer your last question. But if you intend to remain friendly it would be perfectly natural for you to ask him to your home. There is nothing forward about such an invitation.

When writing for advice on your problem

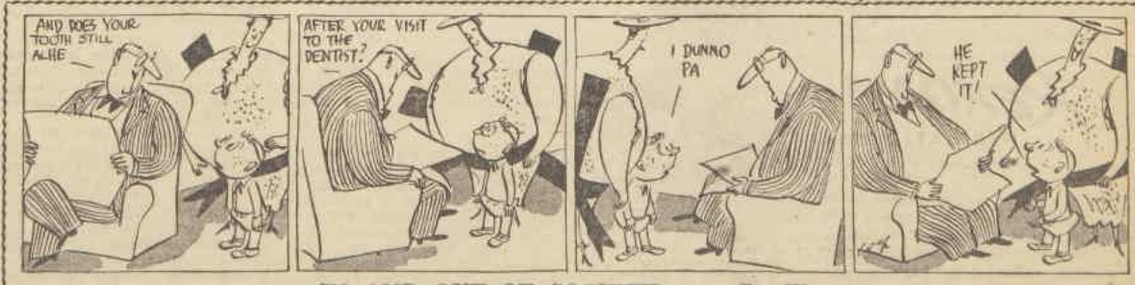
LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 17.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"MY husband and I want to send a wedding present to a girl who is to be married shortly, but is not a close personal friend. How should we do this, and what should we say on the card?"

Presents should be sent in good time before the wedding; usually they go direct from the shop from which they are bought, enclosed with a visiting card or a plain white card with a message of good wishes written on it. Not being a personal friend, you might write either "Wishing you both every happiness" or "With all good wishes from Jane and John Jones."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

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Margaret Lockwood's fame brings problems

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Margaret Lockwood — Britain's first lady of the screen — considered that her film career had brought her thousands of firm friends among her fans, but two kinds of near enemies, the critics and the censor.

Now the critics have relented, and only the censor remains implacable.

WHEN a tactless columnist published her private telephone number all England apparently tried to ring her at once.

"I was highly flattered," said Margaret, "but I had to change the number in a hurry."

Now she has delighted the critics with her fine performance in her new film, "The White Unicorn."

Some of the critics have admitted that too often they have blamed Margaret when they should have blamed the pictures in which she has been cast.

Her current success as a headmistress whose unhappy married life is told in a series of flashbacks enables her to show to what heights her acting sincerity and technical skill can climb.

Her other enemy, the censor, has watched her progress with keen eyes and a pair of scissors within handy reach.

He has snipped large, expensive lumps from three of her last four films.

His largest operation was on "The Wicked Lady," whose low-cut necklines and highly spiced dialogue gave his scissors a great deal of snipping to do. Numerous sequences were ordered to be re-shot mostly for the protection of American audiences.

In "Bedelia" the censor said the Lockwood neckline still fell too low, and besides America wouldn't let her commit suicide at the end of the picture.

Would she instead give herself up to the police? She would and did it, a re-take.

"Even 'The White Unicorn' ran into trouble," said Margaret.

"Scenes where I was supposed to be happily honeymooning in Finland with my second husband, Dennis Price, had to be re-shot because the censor said our twin beds were too close together.

"Then another scene was cut because I was shown sitting on the edge of my husband's bed, but the shot didn't show that my feet were on the floor."

We were talking at the premiere of her new film, a triumphant occasion for her, and Margaret voiced this opinion about the critics: "When you are in the 'discovery' class, they are wonderfully kind, gently demanding that you be given better chances and bigger roles, and in fact behaving almost like your Press agents.

"But when you get to the top—beware. They bring a totally different set of rules to judge you by. They carp and criticise, and by this time are in full cry after another little Cinderella.

"If you have talent, it is easier to find your way to their hearts than to stay there.

"I wonder if this will happen to my five-year-old daughter, "Toots," who made her second film appearance with me in my latest film."

All the critics welcomed little Toots with fatherly approval, commenting: "She has admirable screen presence"—"delightful naturalness"—"she stole away the picture."

These Press notices have delighted Margaret even more than the sudden change in the critical tide which is now flowing her way.

She is a fanatically fond mother and devotes every second of her spare time to her daughter. If Margaret is ever seen at a social occasion, it is usually for a very good business reason—either to meet producers, talk over parts with directors, or to chat with journalists.

At her home in Roehampton she is a slacks-and-sweater girl. But on these occasions she looks every inch a film star, has a consistently charming smile for everyone, and immeasurable patience with the demands of photographers.

She prefers lime juice to gin and lime, and doesn't frequent night-clubs or parties unless we except film premieres, for she is an ardent film-goer.

Technicians in the studio will tell you that Margaret Lockwood has such an expert grip of the filming technique that she could take over the directing from lots of the directors and do better.

Her position as Queen of the English Screen enables her to have a strong say nowadays in the making of her films.

With "The White Unicorn," for instance, Margaret Lockwood dominated the early script conferences and told the assembled experts what she thought was wrong with the story and dialogue, and got most of her own way.

This week Margaret told me that the coveted role of Mary Magdalene, which Rank had planned to film, with her starring in the title role—a magnificent opportunity—has been postponed.

"Quite a lot has to be done to the script," she said, and there was a highly significant light of battle in her eye.

At present Margaret has gone on strike and has refused to accept a comedy role in "Roses For Her Pillow."

When the script was offered to her, Margaret confessed her doubt that it was a suitable type of role for her.

Now she has refused to take part in the film and says she will accept only dramatic roles.

MARGARET LOCKWOOD, England's most popular feminine film star, receives 16,000 fan letters each week. With her is her five-year-old daughter "Toots," who has won praise from critics for her role in "The White Unicorn," Margaret's latest picture.

Young brunette star is feted by actor George Raft

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

WHILE dining at the Chanteclair the other night I caught a glimpse of George Raft's guest of honor. She is a brunette about five feet tall, and her big black eyes were glued on George practically all the evening.

She was with her mother, and George was at his best plying her with an ice-cream for a dessert. There is nothing serious, however, as she is too young, but it's not every man about town who has a chance to escort Margaret O'Brien out to dinner.

Margaret is an ardent fan of Raft's, and collects pictures of him from the different films he has appeared in.

George's grown-up date these days is beautiful Marilyn Maxwell. She is playing with him in "Jackpot."

* * *

ANOTHER twosome topic is Orson Welles and Marie Johnson, but with Welles now in Italy and Marie newly signed to a contract, it looks as though the romance will have to simmer via long-distance.

* * *

I WAS surprised to see Steve Brodie and his wife, Lois, and her ex-husband, George Jessel, dining together. I learned that all three were celebrating Lois' new television contract.

* * *

THE newest craze in Hollywood is painting, and standard equipment is an easel and a handful of brushes. The latest to become interested is Gary Cooper, who used to be a newspaper cartoonist.

It seems that Sandra Shaw, Cooper's wife, intends to arrange an exhibition of paintings by movie people, but Cooper says he won't be among them. "Frankly, mine are terrible," Gary told me. "Nobody can tell whether it is the sun setting on my canvas or whether it's a burning village."

Others who have begun painting as a hobby are Fred MacMurray, specialising in marine scenes, and Merle Oberon, whose medium is water-colors.

* * *

PHYLLIS CALVERT has taken a great many things back to England, including a can-opener that fits on the wall of the can and cuts round the top. She also has a chromium-plated rolling-pin.

* * *

TWO capable Hollywood housewives who combine business with marriage are Mrs. Louis Hayward and Mrs. Eddie Moran. They have opened a decorating business.

* * *

INTERIOR decorating has been Loretta Young's hobby since she was 20. For years she has collected antiques, which she used to furnish homes she built.

As soon as she finishes her picture "Rachel," she and her husband will build a completely modern home.

* * *

WHEN Dick Powell finishes his present picture he'll make an air tour of the country for the purpose of setting up airfields and branch offices for his new mail-order flying school.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE flouted superstition by removing her wedding ring before scenes in "That Hagen Girl." "Two hours after I married John Agar in 1945 I removed the ring from my finger to prove there's nothing to this superstitious nonsense," said Shirley.

Film Review

★★ COPACABANA

HOLLYWOOD'S version of goings-on at the famous New York night-club Copacabana will amuse audiences here, especially those who appreciate the humor of Groucho Marx and the talent of Carmen Miranda.

Groucho makes a notable change from his usual film accompaniments.

He is the only one of the Marx boys to appear, and he discards his painted moustache and glasses for a hairy moustache and real horn-rimmed spectacles, but he is in top form from start to finish.

Carmen Miranda produces easily the best of her many film jobs in a dual role of a South American singer and a masked French chanteuse, managed by her former vaudeville partner Groucho.

The pair wander in and out of the Copacabana together, with crooner Andy Russell and former child star Gloria Jean, who warbles one hit tune.

A bevy of streamlined beauties will be recognised by any Australians who have visited the club in New York.

Lavish setting, slick dialogue and gags, and good songs make United Artists' release a diverting experience.—Empire; showing.

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6 YEAR OLD WORK TROUSERS GOOD FOR YEARS YET

THANKS TO REGULAR WASHING WITH VELVET SOAP

Says Aunt Jenny

"MY HUSBAND AND SON ARE BOTH FARMERS," *writes Mrs. C. Wurst*, of Pine Grove, Lyrup, S.A. "At present they are rebuilding a binder and greasy hands are wiped on work trousers and dungarees. All I do is rub Velvet Soap well into the stains, allow to soak, then wash in very hot water; then I find the stains have disappeared. The trousers in the picture are 6 years old—still good for years yet, thanks to Velvet Soap."

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1 AT SCOTLAND YARD dancer Sandra Carpenter (Lucille Ball) agrees to help Inspector Temple (Charles Coburn) find criminal responsible for disappearance of seven girls who answered newspaper advertisements offering them glamorous jobs.

2 FIRST ADVENTURE for Sandra comes when she answers advertisement in personal column similar to those which attracted girls. She meets odd artist (Boris Karloff), but he proves harmless.

"Lured" is comedy thriller

MYSTERY STORY SET IN LONDON

INDEPENDENT producer Hunt Stromberg selected Lucille Ball and George Sanders to star in his thriller, "Lured" (released by United Artists). Although the story deals with the tracking down of a criminal responsible for the disappearance of several girls from London, it has considerable comedy, for which the sprightly Lucille Ball is responsible.

In her role of a dancer who turns detective, the star displays some glamorous clothes, including the only pure white mink coat in America.

3 VISITING NIGHT-CLUB, Sandra is attracted by gay bachelor Robert Fleming (George Sanders), though he soon arouses her suspicions.

4 BECOMING HOUSEMAID to follow new clue, Sandra meets mysterious visitor Dr. Moryani (Joseph Calleia), friend of butler (A. Mowbray).

5 FURTHER ACQUAINTANCE with Robert and his partner Julian Wilde (Cedric Hardwicke) calms Sandra's ideas that Robert knows about missing girls. Evidence shows that Moryani used advertisements to find girls for smuggling jewels.

6 WARNING POEM received by Inspector Temple says that Sandra is in danger. Robert is arrested and decides Sandra has been working with police. She risks her life to save him from conviction.

What a friend!

If YOU have

INDIGESTION

When food lies like lead on your stomach and after-meal pains take all the pleasure out of eating, you need help. And what a friend in need is the sky-blue canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder. Immediate relief from pain . . . stomach soothed and settled . . . discomfort disappears . . . what a relief!

De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralises excess gastric acidity so quickly that even after one dose you may feel the pain dispersing and your sour, disturbed stomach beginning to settle down. Such speedy relief is a godsend, but De Witt's Antacid Powder does more than ease immediate distress. It soothes and protects the inflamed stomach lining, so that your next meal will not further irritate an upset digestive system. For that reason the prompt help of De Witt's Antacid Powder often prevents simple digestive upsets from developing into chronic dyspepsia.

So, if indigestion is making you turn from the very sight of food . . . if you are always wondering **dare I risk it?** before eating the things you like . . . surely it's time you turned to De Witt's Antacid Powder for the help you so obviously need? Get the sky-blue tin from your chemist.

De Witt's ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises Acid
Soothes the Stomach
Relieves Pain

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis and Dyspepsia. Obtainable from chemists everywhere, in large sky-blue canister, price 2/6. Giant economical size 4/6.

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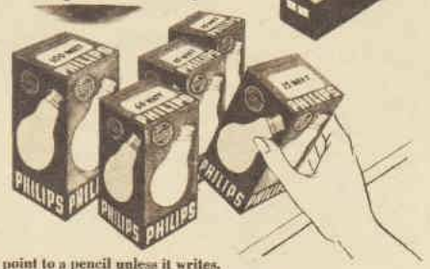
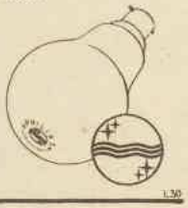
a well-run home has spare lamps



There's no point to a pencil unless it writes.
There's no point to growling if one of your lights
Goes 'on the blink' and you're left in the air
Wishing you had a Philips to spare.
A few extra PHILIPS in the house
Will save you many a growl and grouse.



PHILIPS LAMPS

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

L.36

COCKTAILS AT FIVE. Mexican theme arranged by Mrs. C. H. Cull and Mrs. C. Middleton. Bright red peppers decorate base of floral centre-piece and Mexican figurines stand amid the savories. The champagne bucket is covered with pictures cut from magazines. Spotted glasses added to gaiety of color scheme.

Zinnias like heat

GARDENERS may be surprised to know that in all about 50 classes of zinnia are catalogued, which contain well over 100 varieties. And there isn't a poor one among the lot—they are all bright, gay, and relatively long lasting, and easily one of the best of the sun-worshipping, heat-revelling flowers in existence.

Starting off with the giant dahlia-flowered type which the late Luther Burbank greatly improved, we go through a wide range of sizes and colors until we reach the dwarf or miniature types like Haageana and Linearis, which, although not as gaudy as their bigger brethren, are very gay and bright little plants indeed.

Dahlia-flowered zinnias can be sown now in the open garden, well out where the plants will receive full sunlight throughout the day. They require rich, well-tilled soil and ample moisture. Big varieties should be given ample elbow room, for they produce big bodies and have long, sturdy arms on which they carry many big leaves and generous quantities of huge flowers—if your gardening skill is right.

Fully 30 varieties of dahlia-flowered zinnias are obtainable to-day, ranging from almost snowy-white through creams, yellows, apricots, gold, bronze, pinks, reds, maroons, purples, and one or two lavender shades.

The giant mammoth types are also very decorative although shorter in stature. When well grown their flowers are often as big as those of the dahlia-flowered variety.

Grandiflora robusta, Pumila picotee, Early Wonder, Lilliput (dwarf), Chrysanthemum-flowered, Fantasy, Crown-o'-gold, Curled and Crested types, Tom Thumb or Elegans, Plenissima, Red Riding Hood (deep scarlet flowers), Scabious-flowered, and the dwarf Haageana and Linearis are others that may be relied upon to make the garden a gay—almost gaudy—spot during the hottest months of the year.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.

COMPLICATIONS WITH WISDOM TEETH

By MEDICO

BETTY S. had a swollen jaw. Just turned twenty-one, this was the third attack of pain at the angle of the jaw in three months.

"What can be the matter, doctor?"

"I would say you have a wisdom tooth jammed in the angle of your jaw," I replied, "but I'll have to see an X-ray of your mouth before I can tell you definitely . . .

"It is as I expected," I told her, as we looked at the X-ray together. "We call it a third molar. It is trying to come through, but it is jammed between the back tooth and the jawbone."

"What can I do about it?" she asked.

"You'll need to have it removed by an oral surgeon. It can be done under a local anaesthetic."

"Why should I have this kind of trouble?" asked Betty.

"It's quite a common trouble of civilised people," I told her. "It's because the jawbone has not developed enough to accommodate all the teeth with which nature has provided us. Perhaps it is because we don't have enough hard things to chew when we are young—too many soft foods. Perhaps it's because we do not have enough of the body-building foods when we are children—milk, eggs, meat, cheese, and wheatmeal bread."

"Is an operation the only solution to my problem?"

"You can see by the X-ray that the tooth is hopelessly locked in. You have a choice between recurring attacks of pain and the removal of the tooth."

"I'll lose the tooth, please," decided Betty.

[All names in these articles are fictitious.]

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your smartest dress accessories

Western Electric

HEARING AIDS

The fashion-conscious woman will welcome Western Electric's post-war Model 64 Hearing Aid, in smart inconspicuous, flesh-colour tonings. Apparel harmony is assured whatever the colours you wear. Western Electric helps you enjoy your share of the social activity around you.

DEFECTIVE HEARING NO LONGER A HANDICAP

To-day with the post-war Model 64 Hearing Aid, Western Electric offers a perfection of hearing hitherto thought impossible. Exclusive features such as "Full Colour" Hearing, Mercury Bias Cell, Micro-Magnetic Ear Piece, Finger-tip Controls and Tone Discriminator, to mention just a few, are reasons for Model 64's ascendance over other instruments. Remember, every component of Western Electric Hearing Aids has been proven by years of research and operation under the most arduous conditions. Place your confidence in Western Electric, famous for Hearing Aids since 1882.

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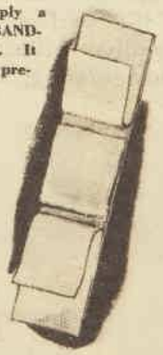
Never neglect a knee graze . . .

First-Aid needed! Cleanse the wound, then apply a Johnson & Johnson BAND-AID Adhesive Bandage. It will keep out dirt, help prevent infection.

Stick on a

Band-Aid



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At teething time — or at any time if baby is a trifle feverish — give Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS' POWDERS. They soothe at once — cool the blood, gently regulate the motions. Never be without these wonderful powders — they ensure the health and happiness of your baby — AND THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

Box of 20 Powders — 1/4

Ashton & Parsons'

INFANTS' POWDERS

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DINNER table. Arranged by Mrs. David Murray and Mrs. Walter Forsyth, this setting features fish knives and forks and candelabra over 150 years old, Georgian candlesticks, Sheffield silver. The 300-year-old glass decanter is ornamented with hand-beaten silver; small silver cream jug of simple design is also 300 years old.

Artistry in table arrangements

★ These pictures show some of the attractive arrangements at a table-setting competition held recently at Burwood, N.S.W., sponsored by Strathfield Auxiliary of N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children. Contest created wide interest.

SAILOR PARTY: Naval style table arranged for boys by Mrs. Bill Dewson and Mrs. Joan Wiesener. Red boats with white paper sails used as place cards on navy cloth.

BUFFET DINNER: Everything, you'll note, follows a "V" pattern in this simple arrangement by Mrs. Percy Arnott and Mrs. G. B. Beatty. The scheme: Apricot damask tablecloth, pale pink American glass, great bowl of "Blackboy" red roses, with dark green leaves round the bottom of the flower bowl. Candles are forest-green. Silver is Sheffield plate.

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Ford Pills have made me a new woman. It's marvellous to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer every time.

Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

2/6 Everywhere

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IT BEATS... AS IT SWEEPS... AS IT CLEANS

H.11

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NO MORE NEEDLESS EXTRACTIONS WHEN YOU USE S.R.

S.R. CONTAINS SODIUM RICINOLEATE—USED BY DENTISTS WHEN TREATING INFLAMED, BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND GUM ROT (PYORRHŒA)

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THE SAFE, GENTLE PLEASANT-TO-TAKE LAXATIVE

As INVIGORATING as a brisk game of tennis . . that's the effect of sparkling Andrews Liver Salt. But Andrews does so much more to keep your system functioning perfectly. First, it cleanses the stomach, correcting acidity and indigestion. Then it tones up the liver, and to complete your *inner cleanliness*, it gently and completely clears the bowels. Non-habit-forming Andrews Liver Salt is the pleasant way to deep down *inner cleanliness*. Start on Andrews without delay, for health and energy!

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

COOLS · REFRESHES · INVIGORATES

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● All the hair is brushed smoothly over to one side, clasped with an elastic band, and braided. The plait, left widest in the centre, is then angled across the top of the head, down behind the ear, and across the nape hairline, pinned firmly all the way.

● (Above) Off-to-one-side comb-out of curls for short hair after dark.

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

AMPHIBIOUS HAIR-DOS

FOR the outdoor girl who likes to swim capless but also wants to look as attractive as possible about the head, Allan, of the Elizabeth Arden Salon, has designed these hair-styles that can go to sea or to dinner with equal charm, and as little variation as the wearer wishes.

The seagoing coifs were plastered and wet to test their staying power, and emerged triumphantly from the trial.

Use a brush and brilliantine to smooth them before the swim, and before dressing rinse the hair, then brush and brilliantine it back into the same lines, or rearrange it in the neck coil, or off-to-one-side curls for shorter hair.

● (Right): How the above hairdo looks in action. First brushed sideways, elastic banded and twisted, ends tucked under and pinned in a firm bun.

● (Above): Showing the angle at which the hair is fixed with the rubber band before braiding.

+

● (Right): Another variation of the braided influence, with the plait wheeled into a compact circle and skewered firmly to the head.

● (Above): Back interest is the theme of this different night design for the same long hair; smoothed back from brow and ears, the hair is folded into an important coil, and prettied up with a flower spray.

EXCLUSIVE TO David Jones'

The Famous Matron Shaw Baby Carrier

Truly a boon to mothers of babes in arms is this canvas carrier designed for comfort and security. Its many features include a waterproof seat . . . adjustable straps so baby may lie down or sit up . . . and it's easily transferred to either shoulder. In cream canvas with blue or grey straps, 15/6

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"Bring out the KRAFT CHEESE

for more appetising, more nutritious salads"

says ELIZABETH COOKE
famous Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert

Colour to catch your eye . . . flavour to set your palate singing . . . the right food values to protect your vitality and health . . . that's for you and your family in this fascinating new Kraft Tomato Salad, or any other of the zestful salads which are so easy for you to make with Kraft Cheese.

Kraft Cheese has the same mellow, blended goodness in every slice. It stays creamy—fresh in its hygienic foil wrapping.

So always keep Kraft Cheese handy for salads, snacks, sandwiches and tasty cooked cheese dishes.

HOW'S THIS FOR FOOD VALUE?

Ounce for ounce, there's no other basic food to equal cheese for complete, high quality proteins . . . for calcium, phosphorus and other valuable nutrients of milk.

ECONOMY NOTE: It costs less to have the exact amount you require cut from the Kraft 5 lb. loaf at your grocer's.

KRAFT TOMATO SALAD

4 large ripe tomatoes
4 hard cooked eggs
½ cup chopped celery or cucumber
6 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, cut in small cubes
Pepper and salt
Curry powder
Kraft Mayonnaise or Salad Dressing
Lettuce
Parsley sprigs or watercress

Wash tomatoes, cut in petal fashion and scoop out centre pulp into basin. Cut tops off hard cooked eggs, serrate edges and scoop out yolks. Mash yolks and then blend with little tomato pulp, pinch of curry powder, pepper, salt and a little Kraft Mayonnaise or Salad Dressing and pile mixture back into egg whites. Fill centre of tomatoes with Kraft Cheese cubes and chopped celery or cucumber blended lightly with Kraft Mayonnaise or Salad Dressing. Set stuffed eggs on top, garnished with parsley sprigs or watercress and serve in lettuce cups. Serves four.

TASTES Better because it's BLENDED BETTER

Listen to "MARY LIVINGSTONE, M.D." Every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning in all States

Three Bonny Youngsters

. . born under the Sign of
SCORPIO

Astrological authorities say that the influence of Scorpio prevails between October 21st and November 20th, and those who have birthdays during this period belong to one of the strongest signs of the Zodiac. They may well be outstanding personalities, with plenty of originality and enterprise. So the future should be full of promise for these three bonny youngsters, whose mothers are safeguarding their health now with plenty of nutritious Vegemite.

GARY CRAIG

Three years old on October 25th, Gary is the bright-eyed son of Mr. and Mrs. Craig of Rozelle, N.S.W. Mrs. Craig says: "Vegemite has been a part of Gary's diet from his baby days. Its vitamin content has done a great deal towards building him up into such a healthy child."

ANNE BAILEY

November 16th is the date of Anne's third birthday and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Bailey of Bateman Street, Hampton, Vic. Mrs. Bailey says: "Vegemite is always a regular part of Anne's diet and I'm sure it has been very beneficial to her health."

WARREN TURNER

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Turner of Arrow Street, Buranda, Brisbane and November 19th is the date of his third birthday. "The local Infant Welfare Centre recommended Vegemite for Warren," Mrs. Turner says. "I've been giving it to him every day and I'm sure that has helped to make him such a bright, sturdy child."

Vegemite — a little does a power of good, because it is:

★ *Richer* in Vitamin B1 (Aneurin)
★ *Richer* in Vitamin B2 (Riboflavin)
★ *Richer* in the anti-pellagric factor (Niacin)
★ Tastier and costs less.

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Lunch from a tin.

TINNED foods combine with fresh ingredients to make delicious dishes for luncheon or dinner. These appetising and colorful dishes—luncheon casserole and pineapple dessert—are simple to prepare

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

● Dishes which have tinned foods for their main ingredients can be well flavored and interesting, as the recipes on this page show.

SOME foods can be served just as they are taken from the tin. Others are better combined with something else for hot or cold meals.

A wide range of fruits and vegetables used for canning is grown for that purpose; choice quality products are used, and they are tinned while still garden-fresh.

Food value of starches, sugars, proteins, and fats is not affected by canning.

Mineral and vitamin content is not affected any more than it is by home methods of cooking; in some cases not as much.

Tinned foods are cooked foods—the initial preparation and cooking have already been done, consequently you are saved fuel, time, and work.

Liquid from tinned vegetables may be used in preparing jellied meats or salad vegetables; in the sauce for creamed foods; in soups, stews, or gravies; in cooked salad dressing.

Syrup from tinned fruit is delicious on cereals; in summer drinks; in jellied fruit; or in sweet sauces for dessert.

LUNCHEON CASSEROLE

One small tin sweet corn, 1 12oz. tin luncheon meat, 1 cup cooked green peas, ½ onion, 1 tablespoon diced red or green pepper, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 heaped tablespoon flour, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs, 1 cup mashed potato, tomato wedges.

Melt margarine or butter, add diced onion and red or green pepper. Saute 3 or 4 minutes, without browning. Add flour, mustard, and salt. Cook 2 or 3 minutes longer. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Fold in diced meat, drained corn, peas, and egg-yolks. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased casserole, bake 45 to 50 minutes in moderate oven (350deg. F.). Heat potato, pipe round edge and garnish with tomato wedges. Serve hot. For four or five.

SWEET CORN CUTLETS

One and a half cups sweet corn, 1 teaspoon finely minced or grated onion, salt and pepper to taste, ¾ cup soft white breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, browned crumbs for covering, fat for frying, grilled bacon rolls, tomato slices.

Mix corn, onion, salt, pepper, and breadcrumbs. Add half the beaten egg, mixing well. Allow to stand ½ hour. Shape into cutlets on a lightly floured board, using about 1 tablespoon of mixture for each cutlet. Mix milk into balance of egg, dip each cutlet. Drain, toss in breadcrumbs. Coat again with egg and breadcrumbs. Deep-fry in fuming fat until golden brown, drain. Serve piping hot with grilled bacon rolls and tomato slices. For four or five.

MEAT AND POTATO PUFF

Two cups mashed potato, 2 eggs, good ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 1 dessertspoon diced parboiled red pepper, salt and pepper to taste, 1 12oz. tin luncheon meat.

Add milk and egg-yolks gradually to mashed potatoes. Mix in onion, red pepper, salt and pepper, diced luncheon meat. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased ovenware dish, stand in tin of hot water, bake 40 to 45 minutes in moderate oven (375deg. F.) until lightly browned on top. Serve hot, garnished with parsley sprigs and tomato slices. For four or five.

ASPARAGUS OMELET

One level tablespoon flour, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, 1 level dessertspoon butter.

Asparagus Filling: One small tin asparagus, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, ¾ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper.

Prepare filling first. Drain asparagus, reserving ¼ cup of the liquor. Add liquor to milk. Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, salt and cayenne. Continue stirring until boiling. Fold in asparagus cut into 1in. lengths. Keep hot. Prepare omelet. Blend flour with milk, add salt, and stir until mixture boils and thickens. Turn into basin. Beat in egg-yolks one at a time. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Melt a portion of the butter in large pan, allow to burn. Wipe pan with clean paper, melt balance of butter. Pour omelet mixture in, allow to set over steady, medium heat. Place under griller to brown and set top. Lift carefully on to hot serving dish. Pour asparagus mixture over half, fold, and serve immediately. For four.

QUICK PINEAPPLE DESSERT

Slices of tinned pineapple or fresh pineapple (peeled and cored), ice-cream, passionfruit pulp.

Chill sliced pineapple. Top each slice with a scoop of ice-cream and coat with passionfruit pulp. Plain sweet biscuits may be served with this sweet.

ORANGE FREEZE

Two cups tinned orange juice, ½ cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons cold water, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Soak gelatine in cold water. Heat 1 cup of the orange juice, add sugar and salt. Pour gradually on to softened gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Add remaining orange juice and lemon rind. Pour into refrigerator trays, freeze to a mush. Remove from trays, beat with rotary beater until light and frothy. Return to trays, freeze 1½ to 2 hours, or until firm. Serve with chilled fruit.

MOULDED MEAT SALAD

One 12oz. tin luncheon meat, 2 level tablespoons gelatine, ½ cup water, 1½ cups tomato juice, salt to taste, 1 teaspoon grated onion, ½ cup diced parboiled celery, 1 cup cubed cooked potato, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 teaspoon chopped mint, 2 finely minced shallots, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add heated tomato juice, stir until dissolved. Fold in grated onion, celery, salt and pepper, diced luncheon meat. Turn into wetted recess tin, chill until set. Combine potato, chopped hard-boiled eggs, minced shallots, and mint. Toss lightly with mayonnaise. Unmould jellied meat, fill recess with potato salad. Serve garnished with lettuce, tomato, celery curls, and radish roses. For four or five.

SUMMER PUNCH

Two lemons, 1 orange, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tin grapefruit juice, 1 tin pineapple juice, 1 pint soda water or lemonade, crushed ice.

Slice lemons and orange thinly, add sugar and water, heat almost to boiling, mashing fruit well. Cool and strain. Add pineapple and grapefruit juice. Chill well, dilute before serving with soda water or lemonade. Garnish with a sprig of mint and crushed ice.

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The most nourishing and delicious bedtime drink

Your tired body needs sound sleep at night, undisturbed by digestive strain. That's why you should take Benger's Food — for milk alone, before bed, forms tough, indigestible curds inside you. Benger's predigests the milk for you and the system assimilates easily, without strain, the goodness of both the milk and Benger's Food.

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Benger's Food
The Perfect Nightcap

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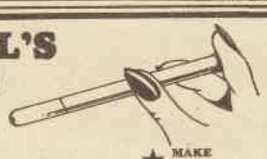
DR. NEWELL'S EYE DROPS

If you are a sufferer from Conjunctivitis, Blepharitis, or Sandy Blight, here is a quick method for safe and gentle relief — "DR. NEWELL'S EYE DROPS" — Put two or three drops in each eye three times daily.



2 DROPS CLEAR SOOTHE IN SECONDS!

★ MAKE THIS TEST

Put a few drops of DR. NEWELL'S in one eye only, and in ten minutes note the difference between each eye.

AT CHEMISTS and STORES.

INSTANT KNOCKDOWN
KILLS STONE DEAD!

Makes walls and ceilings lethal to all insect pests for weeks at a stretch.

Mortein plus

THE SUPER SPRAY THAT
KEEPS ON KILLING
Flies, Mosquitoes and all insect pests.

1/8

M21-47

LUNCHEON FARE: Sandwich tomato slices together with mixture of chopped walnuts, celery, and grated cheese bound together with mayonnaise. Top with diced ham mixed with mustard-flavored mayonnaise and serve as shown with celery and lettuce.

Cash prizes for these . . .
Inexpensive recipes

● A wholesome casserole of beans, tomatoes, and sausages wins first prize in this week's popular recipe competition.

CHRISTMAS is not so far ahead, and it is quite a good idea to prepare mince for pies and tarts now. The prize-winning recipe below is delicious.

Home-made biscuits are always in demand for between-meal snacks and for lunch boxes.

The two biscuit recipes which win consolation prizes this week are good for both purposes—quickly made and economical, too.

SATURDAY CASSEROLE

One pound sausages, 1 small tin baked beans, ½lb. tomatoes, ½ cup soft white breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, good ½ cup meat or vegetable stock, salt and pepper, bacon rolls.

Place sausages into warm water, bring to the boil. Drain, skin, split in halves lengthwise. Place in bottom of greased ovenware dish. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, cover with sliced, skinned tomatoes. Season with salt and pepper, add stock. Cover with baked beans, top with breadcrumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Serve hot garnished with bacon rolls.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Costello, 63 Corhampton Rd., North Balwyn, Vic.

BAKED GOLDEN PEARS

Four medium-sized pears, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup golden syrup, ½ teaspoon lemon juice, 6 or 7 cloves.

Peel pears thinly, leaving stalks on. Cut in halves, remove cores (if small pears may be left whole). Place cut side down in casserole dish. Sprinkle thickly with brown sugar, spoon golden syrup on to each pear half. Add cloves and lemon juice. Cover and bake 35 to 40 minutes, or until pears are tender, in moderate oven (350deg. F.). Remove cloves and serve well chilled with cream or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. B. Norman, St. Andrew's, Freshwater Bay, Isle of Wight.

ORANGE GINGER NUTS

Half cup sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 2oz. margarine or butter, 1 egg, grated rind of 1 orange, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon ground ginger, pinch salt.

Warm sugar, golden syrup, and margarine or butter until melted, mix well. Cool, add beaten egg and orange rind. Fold in sifted flour, ginger, and salt. Roll into small balls, place well apart on greased tray, flatten with a fork. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven (350 deg. F). Allow to cool on tray.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. H. Dempsey, Audley St., Narrandera, N.S.W.

BUTTERLESS NUTTIES

One cup brown sugar, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, 1 cup chopped nuts, 1 cup coconut, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Mix brown sugar thoroughly with sifted flour. Add nuts and coconut. Mix to a dry dough with egg-whites stiffly beaten with pinch salt; add vanilla. Drop a teaspoonful at a time on to greased tray, spacing well apart. Bake 12 to 15 minutes in hot oven (400deg. F.). Store in airtight tin when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. K. Evans, 7 Wodonga St., Beverly, S.A.

PINEAPPLE CHRISTMAS MINCE

One pound sweet apples, ½lb. currants, 1½lb. sultanas, ½lb. seeded raisins, ½lb. dates, ½lb. shredded peel, 1 small pineapple, ½lb. finely minced suet, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 wineglass rum.

Bake cored apples until soft, remove pulp and mash well. Mix with currants, sultanas, chopped raisins, dates, and peel. Add grated pineapple, minced suet, nutmeg, salt, and rum. Press into clean dry jars, cover closely and keep in a cool place until required.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Alsop, 15 Queen St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

SUE'S first birthday cake: Rainbow sponge, crusted with warmed apricot jam and rolled in crushed cornflakes. Top was iced and decorated as shown. Sue is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Berg, of Parsley Road, Croydon, N.S.W.

An APPETISING MEAL

and SO EASY TO HANDLE

Swift *products are ALWAYS good*

38-41

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Make baby's hair grow curly

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Beauty Creams, Hand Lotion & Skin Tonic
All Chemists and Stores

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The New MENTMORE "46"

The MENTMORE "46" is fashioned by Britain's leading designers and precision-engineered with patient detail—by men who designed and built the world's finest instruments for use by the armed services.

It's new . . . it's beautiful . . . the finest example of the pen-makers' art . . . with new features that satisfy all your pen requirements . . . wherever you write—however you write—this is the pen for you—YOUR PEN.

Smart in its new modern streamlined design—clever in its new engineered construction, the MENTMORE "46" is made in England by one of the world's leading pen manufacturers—is the leader in style, beauty and quality.

Retail Selling Prices.

With Sterling Silver Cap, 52/3 With Rolled Gold Cap, 60/9

MENTMORE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD., LONDON.

Australasian Representatives and Distributors: Ponsford, Newman & Benson Pty. Ltd. All States.

- New nib of 14-ct. gold writes smoothly on a micro-polished iridium tip . . . gives smoother writing.
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- Created in 4 glorious colours with rolled gold or sterling silver precious metal cap—this is the world's most beautiful pen.
- New, exclusive flow feed gives easier, smoother writing than ever before . . . years of trouble-free service . . . writes more words with less refilling.

The Mentmore "46" shown actual size.

MENTMORE "46"

Fountain Pens

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Brimming with luscious cream... that's TRUFOOD

The richest, freshest powdered milk you've ever tasted!

A half gallon of new milk; straight from lush clover pastures. Packed in an airtight tin to seal its goodness. That's a tin of Trufood. Fresh meadow milk with just the water removed. No wonder it's the lushest powdered milk of all. Drink it... cook with it... give it to baby... whenever you need milk, use Trufood.

Mixed and made in a moment! You get a full half-gallon of rich dairy milk, containing nearly half a pint of cream, from every 12 ounce tin of Trufood.

★ *Only fresh milk goes into Trufood — no preservatives of any kind are added.*

TF.74.26

New Way Removes

twice the dirt in half the time!

This silk-and-wool jumper was first rinsed and the water squeezed out by hand. Then it was rinsed and passed through an Acme. An Independent Domestic Research Bureau made the test, and found that the Acme removed *twice the water* in *half the time*. The Acme removes the deeply embedded dirt at the same time!

"I can hardly believe the clock!" That's what you'll say when you first use the new Acme. Clothes wring out so quickly—and looking so good too! So white and clean.

The amazing new Acme, you see, *cleans* clothes as it wrings them.

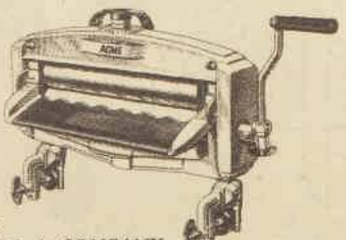
Every bit of ingrained dirt is forced out by the *controlled pressure*, of the rollers. And you do the controlling! That is why heavy blankets — fragile babywear — all come out of the Acme fresh as new, clean and sweet as apple-blossom!

Supplies are still limited owing to shortage of raw materials, so if you can't get an Acme right away don't be put off with a second best — the best's well worth waiting for.

ACME CLEANSER WRINGER

Visit your dealer TODAY—let him show you the grand new Acme with its two-way drain, its clothes-guide with permanent wave. Don't waste a minute!

Obtainable at all leading hardware and departmental stores.



Factory Representatives:

MESSRS. J. CHALEYER & COMPANY,

PIONEER HOUSE, 353, FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE, C.1.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"EVELYN." FROCK FOR SUMMER DAYS

Glamorous frock for summer afternoon parties or evening affairs. Made up ready for immediate wear or cut out for you to sew, the frock is fashioned in a printed rayon Bayadere stripe crepe. The square-cut neckline is caught in gathers at the two lower points to give fullness to the bodice. The unusual treatment of gathers and draped folds of the front skirt give all the appearance of the padded hipline, which is now high fashion.

The colors for "Evelyn" are brown with lemon, mustard, and burnt orange floral stripes, silver and white leaves. Or navy with light and dark saxe, teal, and white floral stripes, green and white leaves. Or navy with light and dark cyclamen, scarlet, and white floral stripes, ink-blue leaves. Or black with bottle and lime green and pink floral stripes, silver and white leaves.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 89/11 (8 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 92/9 (8 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 65/6 (8 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 68/6 (8 coupons). Postage, 1/3½ extra.

N.B.—When ordering "Evelyn," please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 935. PLAYSUIT FOR SUN AND FUN

The cute playsuit comes ready traced to cut out and sew together in a good washing cotton in plain shades of lemon, sky, beige, and apple green. Motifs which form pockets can be purchased in the same shades.

Sizes: 16in. length 3/11 (2 coupons), 18in. length 4/9 (2 coupons), 20in. length 5/3 (2 coupons). Postage, 8½d. extra.

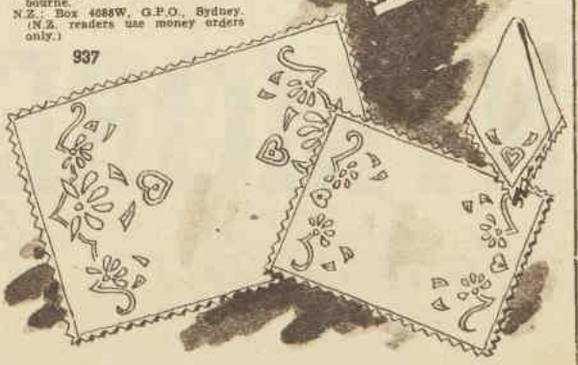
No. 936. PRETTY POWDER PUFF AND COMB CASE

The set is traced ready to embroider and make up in cotton material in rose, sky, green, and lemon. Price 1/- each. Postage 2½d. extra.

No. 937. A LUNCHEON SET

Traced on a pure linen cambric in white only, the luncheon set is ready to embroider. It consists of 1 centre mat and 4 serviettes. Price 17/11 (no coupons). Postage, 6½d. extra.

N.B.—When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 935 and 936, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.



Interstate Addresses:

SEND your order for Fashion Frock and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
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Look for the blue banded tube — it guarantees the new formula.

To women of action who love freedom.

To go where you like, to wear what you like, to cycle, sunbathe, play active sport—at all times! That's the new freedom Tampax brings you. Worn internally, it's safer, surer, more hygienic and convenient. Full freedom of action *always* makes Tampax a boon to sportswomen.

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For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2½d stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to

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New **"MAKE-UP"**

SHAMPOO

Sta-blond now gives to "sort of" no colour hair, mousy, fairish, brownish, a natural fair look—*not a bleached blonde appearance.*

Sta-blond makes it 4-6 natural, lovely, lustrous shades lighter

WITHOUT UGLY BLEACHING

Sta-blond's NEW "make-up" Shampoo now contains a wonderful new discoveries—Lanset and Calophol—which end "dry scalp" and make the hair easy to manage. Try it. See why 38,000,000 packets sold in United States, Great Britain, South Africa, Canada, Australia and other countries of the world in 1946. (Sta-blond is known as Blonde in some countries.)

STA-BLOND MAKES YOU PRETTIER!

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Beating The Alarm Clock?

Are you awake before the alarm clock? Up and about with a cheery greeting for all?

Energy and drive indicate sufficient vitamin B in the system to see you through the day without fatigue.

If you are lethargic, easily depressed, and lacking in vigorous, buoyant health you probably need to make good the deficiency of vitamin B in your system.

Bemax is rich in vitamin B. In fact it *is* vitamin B, in combination with other vitamins and minerals which together impart to your body the vitally necessary constituents which make good the normal wear and tear on your nerves and general health.

In these days when world food shortage affects nearly everyone, the only way to make sure of your indispensable vitamin B quota is to sprinkle a tablespoonful of flaky Bemax over your breakfast cereal or stewed fruit or add it to a glass of milk.

Bemax tones up the nervous and digestive systems. You sleep better, you are less "nervy" and less liable to constipation. Bemax, a natural source of vigour, is obtainable from Chemists and Stores.

BEMAX

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GOT A BOIL?

HERE'S HOW TO GET RELIEF

Apply a ready-to-use ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice comfortably hot. Almost at once you'll feel the *moist heat* go right to work helping to relieve the pain and soreness. You'll *see* how it helps bring the boil to a head. The *moist heat* of ANTIPHLOGISTINE works for several hours bringing soothing relief. Feels good, does good.

GET A TIN FROM YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE.

FOR BOILS—

Antiphlogistine

Make them yourself

TOYS . . . *for Christmas*

WITH these toys a little girl can play housewife and a boy delivery man to their heart's content.

KITCHEN FURNITURE

MATERIALS: Thin wooden board or plywood cuts; battens; beading; dowels, etc; thin short nails or pins; liquid glue; sandpaper; blue and white paint. All the measurements given are approximate.

To Make the Dresser: For the back you will need a piece of wood 3½in. wide by 5½in. high. For the sides of the cupboard two pieces 1¾in. by 2½in.; the top of the cupboard measures 4in. by 1¾in., and the base 3in. by 1¾in.

For shelf sides, two pieces measuring 1in. by 3in. Shelf itself measures 1in. by 3in., top of dresser 1½in. by 4in.

Nail and glue all pieces, joining back first—base, tabletop, sides, etc. Then place the shelf in position and nail and glue.

Doors measure 2in. by 1½in. each. Glue a ½in. length of thin dowel to centre front edge of each door for handles, and hinge the opposite edges in position, top and bottom, with pins driven through tabletop and base.

Glue a tiny square of wood just inside junction of doors to prevent their slipping inside.

Add a piece of decorative moulding to top of dresser, if you like. Then paint inside and out.

Sink: For the back, a piece of wood 3¾in. by 4½in. The side pieces for cupboard measure 2¾in. by 1½in., and 2¾in. by 1½in. Base and shelf 1¾in. by 1½in. Supports for sink measure 1¾in by 1½in. high.

Nail and glue pieces to back, using the shorter side of cupboard on the inside to give a slant to the draining board. Then make the door 1½in. by 1½in., with a handle of dowelling, and fasten it in the same way as you did doors of dresser. Paint blue.

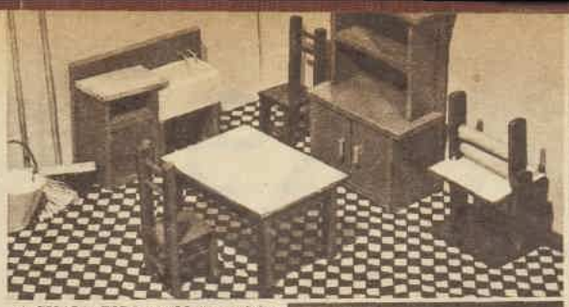
The sink itself measures (front and back) 1½in. by 1in. high, two side pieces 1in. square, base 1in. by 2in. Glue and nail up and paint white.

Two 1in. pieces of wire fastened to the back board over sink are bent downwards to form taps.

Another 2in. length of wire is fastened under sink, bent into an S shape to resemble the water pipe and its other end bent backwards into the wood. Glue sink in position.

The draining board is a thin piece of wood measuring 1in. by 2in.: You can cut some grooves in it to make it look more realistic. Nail it to sides above cupboard.

Table: Top measures 3in. by 4in.; the legs are 2½in. lengths of ½in.-square wood. Glue and nail them in position, then cut lengths of ½in. by ½in. lath to fit exactly inside legs and glue them in position. Paint top white, legs and sides blue.



A SMALL GIRL would appreciate this kitchen furniture, which father or big brother could make.

Chairs: Cut two pieces of ½in.-square wood measuring 3½in. each for back legs and two 1½in. lengths for front legs. Then cut seven 1½in. lengths of thin dowel and with a penknife point all ends.

Drill a hole in the back legs ¾in. from the top, another ¾in. from the first; next 1½in. farther down, and the last ½in. from the other end. Next glue four of pointed dowels into each hole like the rungs of a ladder.

Glue *one rung* between the two front legs ½in. from lower end. Drill holes in front of back legs ¾in. from base, make corresponding holes at back of front legs and glue remaining two rungs in position.

For seat, cut a piece of wood 1¾in. square and cut off a ½in. square at two adjoining corners. Glue seat in position; when dry, paint chair blue.

Mop: Make a thick tassel with string or yarn, and secure ends well. Cut a 5in. length of thin dowel and fasten tassel to it with a pin. Trim the tassel to 1½in.

Wringer: Cut two lengths of ½in. by ½in. batten measuring 4in. and another 1in. long. Sandpaper-down two corners of the long pieces and all four of the short one. Drill a hole ½in. inside both ends of short piece and two holes in each long piece, the first 1½in. from top (rounded) and the other ½in. below first.

Cut two 1¾in. lengths of ¾in. dowel, and another ¾in. in length. Screw short piece to one end of the short piece of batten for handle; screw the other end through lower hole in a long piece into one length of the dowel. Nail other dowel through other hole, nail both sides through corresponding holes in batten.

Cut two pieces of thin wooden board 2¾in. by 2in. and cut a ¼in. groove ¼in. deep out of every side. This is done by sawing through edge for ¼in., then knocking out the wood with a chisel. Glue battens to one piece ½in. below the lower dowel and the other as a base. When dry, paint tabletop white and rest blue, except for plain rollers.

TIP-UP TRUCK

All measurements given are those used for the original model, but any size box may be used and measurements varied accordingly.

Material: One wooden box for truck, approximately 9in. wide by 14½in. long by 9in. deep; for frame, two pieces of wood 17½in. long by 1½in. wide by ¾in. thick, two pieces 8in. long by 1½in. wide by ¾in. thick, two pieces of wood 9in. long by 1½in. wide by ¾in. thick; two pieces of wood for uprights at end of frame 8in. wide by 5in. long by ¾in. thick; a piece of wood for the handle 17½in. long by ¾in. square; a piece of thin wooden curtain rod 5in. long for the crossbar of the handle; a piece of broomstick 16in. long; two pieces of wood for the brakes 4in. long by 1½in. wide by ¾in. thick; four wheels (empty shoe-polish tins can be used for these); one eye-screw; one large staple; nails; screws; paint.

JUST THINK HOW proud of this tip-up truck a boy would be.

To Make: Build the frame by nailing the 17½in.-long pieces of wood to the 9in.-long pieces. Then shape tops of two upright pieces to a blunt V-shape, and nail pieces to each end of frame on the inside. Nail to these the 8in.-long pieces.

Round off one end of each brake and screw through straight end, one each side, to middle of frame on the inside, so that they can be lowered or raised.

Make a hole at each end of box about 3in. from the bottom, push broomstick through and nail the two ends of broomstick to inside of uprights so that the box can tip over between the frame.

Drill a hole through one end of handle about 2in. from end and push crossbar through. Secure with nail. Screw the eye-screw in other end of handle, hook through staple, and hammer staple into front of frame. Paint truck in gay colors.

Dressing-table stowaway

ANY WOMAN would appreciate a stowaway like this one for cotton-wool. It's so handy for making-up purposes, so necessary to the home manicure.

THIS cotton-wool holder could stand proudly on any dressing-table, and its padded lid makes a cushion for pins and brooches.

Materials: A round tin, a length of pretty fabric for covering; furnishing fringe to go all round and also for the tassel; matching cord to go round the lid, and some braid for the "cushion"; a short length of narrow ribbon, cardboard, gum, and gummed paper tape.

Cover the tin with fabric, gumming a 1in. overlap inside and under base.

Cut a cardboard circle for the lid and from its centre cut a small circle for the cushion.

Cut a 1in. wide strip of cardboard, join into a circle to fit the lid and attach under its rim at right angles by sticking with paper tape.

Cover both sides of the lid with fabric, pad the little cardboard circle with cotton-wool and cover with fabric as for the lid, but, before lining its underside, gum it on to the ribbons, as pictured.

Put cushion in place, cut off one end of ribbons where they meet lid edge, and sew. In same place stitch lid to tin with twine.

Finish the holder with braid, cord, and tassel as pictured. Paint the inside of the tin with white enamel, allow to dry thoroughly before use.

for good and fitting reasons

KAYSER

HOSIERY LINGERIE GLOVES

I KEEP FIT

—and so can you!

Take a dose of Beecham's Pills whenever you feel out of sorts. They promote digestion, improve the appetite, purify the system and induce peaceful slumber.

1/- and 2/6 per box.

Beecham's Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Eczema Itch Dispelled

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and attack the real cause of many skin troubles. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch

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Through sunsplashed summer days Floraloc or Everloc keep you tulip-fresh and cool . . . collect compliments and admiring glances. If only we could make Lucas frocks as fast as we sell them! But keep your eyes open—limited supplies of summer styles, with that unmistakable "Lucas touch", will be available at your favourite store.

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EVERLOC

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COLOSEPTIC
FOR BETTER INTERNAL CLEANNESS

Coloseptic checks self-poisoning (Autoxima) and intestinal fermentation. It produces normal evacuation, thus helping to build and retain good health. A level teaspoonful in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.

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(AUSTRALIA) LTD.
10 O'CONNELL ST., NEWTOWN, N.S.W.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Banish unsightly hairs with the aid of "Vanix." Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

"VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissues. Finally the devitalising effects of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. Obtainable, price 5/11 a bottle (Posted 6/4½), from Hallams Pty., Ltd., 312 George St., Sydney, and all Branches; Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 370 Little Collins St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edward St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 77 and 276 Rundle St., Adelaide.

Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, loose or ragged — if his nose is warm and he is listless or loses his appetite, give him BARKO Condition Powders. BARKO Condition Powders. 1/4 ALL CHEMISTS

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Fashion PATTERNS

F4907.—One-piece with simple next-to-nothing sleeves. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

F4908.—Tailored town-frock in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

F4909.—Trousseau nightgown in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 2yds. lace edging. Pattern, 1/11.

F4910. — Playsuit with matching skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material for playsuit and 2yds. 36in. material for skirt. Pattern, 1/11.

F4911.—Waist-whittling one-piece in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

F4912.—Cool house-frock comes in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

● TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 44.

HIGHLIGHT YOUR HAIR

★ *To keep the beauty of shining hair . . .*

For children and adults there is nothing more beneficial to the hair than regular care with Barry's Tri-coph-erous. This treatment helps prevent falling hair, dandruff, premature greyness, brittle hair, itching scalp.

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MOTHER CRAFT
A TOPIC THAT IS ALWAYS NEW

Mothercraft is a never-ending vigil. Just as necessary through school years as in babyhood. And now—when every child must be on tip-toe with alertness—mother needs to realise how essential it is to keep the system functioning regularly with the gentlest and best children's aperient—Steedman's Powders.

For Steedman's, which are invaluable through teething time and babyhood, are just as beneficial during school years. They ensure that gentle regularity and purity of blood stream which maintain health and give zest to tackle the problem of growing up in a difficult world.

So give Steedman's Powders from teething to teens. Look for the double EE on every wrapper to ensure that they are genuine. Made only by John Steedman & Co., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

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Sores caused by chafing napkins are soon healed by Cuticura Ointment. Stops itching and irritation and assures undisturbed sleep. Antiseptic Cuticura cannot harm baby's tender skin. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder. 534

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